

S. A. Hartman

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A SPANISH WORKMAN.

ENGRAVED FROM A PICTURE BY J. JIMENEZ Y ARANDA



THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, LATE BRITISH CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.
THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER IX.



HE city of Cairo has been much improved and enlarged during the last few years. New streets have been cut through the heart of the most densely populated quarters, suburbs have been added both towards the north-east and to the west, and the whole town is now lighted by gas and is well supplied with water. A tract of land between Cairo and the Nile, patches of which were here and there cultivated as market gardens, was about ten years ago laid out for a new quarter. The building lots were given gratuitously by the Khedive Ismail to any applicant,

on condition that a house of an approved design, and of a certain minimum value, should be constructed within a fixed period.

This quarter, which is called the Ismailiyeh, after the name of the ex-Khedive, has become the most fashionable part of the town. The houses, or rather villas, are mostly built in the Italian style, each in the midst of a garden. Here is a large hippodrome, capable of seating several thousands of spectators, but no longer used for its original purpose. Here, too, are the recently erected Anglican church, the German church and schools, and a French seminary. Indeed, we here see nothing but the Oriental costumes, and the complexion of their wearers, to remind us that we are no longer in Europe.

The Ezbekiyeh, formerly a picturesquely wild space where booths and cafés were erected under the shade of old sycamore and acacia trees, has been reduced to a more symmetrical form and enclosed with iron railings, surrounded by a number of handsome houses and public buildings, with colonnades over the pavement to protect foot-passengers from the heat of the sun (see page 258 *ante*).

The enclosed garden is well-laid out and cultivated in flower beds, with a rich assortment of shrubs and trees. Besides sycamores and acacias, which are indigenous, we here find the banyan, with its pendent branches again striking root in the soil, and many well-grown eucalyptus-trees, which have already had a salutary effect by purifying the atmosphere; for it is an established fact that ophthalmia, a disease formerly very prevalent amongst children who frequented the garden, has sensibly diminished since the introduction of these trees.

On an artificial lake are a few specimens of aquatic birds,

swans, divers, &c. Here, too, has been constructed an artificial grotto, containing a waterfall, which gushes forth and forms a meandering rivulet for the supply of the lake. Rustic bridges are built over the stream. The outside of the grotto is planted with shrubs and trees, amongst which a tortuous path leads to a belvedère on the summit. In other parts of the garden are kiosks for military bands; a European orchestra for native music and singing; also an open-air theatre, which is much patronised in the summer evenings.

Overlooking the garden from the south-west corner is the New Hotel, a handsome edifice built by an English company, and subsequently purchased by the ex-Khedive. Opposite to it is



An Arab.

the large Opera House built by his Highness about ten years ago, and completed in five months, where for about six successive winter seasons some of the most talented vocal and instrumental artistes in Europe were engaged. The ballets were of the most gorgeous description. Here was represented for the first time the now celebrated opera of *Aida*, composed by Verdi expressly for the ex-Khedive, the plot founded on facts supplied by Mariette Bey from records of the ancient history of Egypt. The scenery and jewellery were copied from originals, or from

* Continued from page 260.

ancient Egyptian paintings or sculpture. Moreover, native Egyptian and Abyssinian troops played a conspicuous part on the stage, thus giving to the representation a reality which can never be obtained in Europe.

Near the Opera is the smaller theatre where French comedies and *opéra bouffe* were performed; but both houses are now closed. One peculiar feature in each of these theatres, as well as in the hippodrome, was that certain boxes destined for the ladies of the viceregal family were protected by sheet-zinc blinds, delicately perforated in imitation of lace curtains. Thus the inmates could see and hear without themselves being seen. The Egyptians did not much frequent these theatres, as they could neither understand the language nor appreciate the music, but they were amazed by the beauty of the scenery and the gorgousness of the illuminations in the ballet.

Near the S.E. corner of the garden stands the palace called "Atabat-al-Khadra," or *green threshold*, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained on their visit to Egypt in the spring of 1869. It is now used for the Courts of Justice. Opposite to it, in an open space, has since been erected a colossal equestrian statue, in bronze, of the late Ibrahim Pasha, grandfather of the present Khedive, Tewfik I.

From this square has been opened a fine wide street as far as the Citadel, but here, unfortunately, the regulations observed in the building of the houses round the Ezbekiyeh and in the Ismailiyeh quarter were not enforced. The new houses have been built without the slightest regard to uniformity, external beauty of design, or even durability. Each proprietor has built his house according to the shape and size of his plot of land, some of them wedge-shaped, all irregular, at different angles, and of different heights, and their construction is so defective that some are already in ruins. The same observations apply, though in a different degree, to the new street from the Ezbekiyeh through the Coptic quarter to the railway station, and to the two streets from opposite corners of the same square leading to the Abdin Palace. Thus one of the finest opportunities that ever occurred for the building of really handsome streets, worthy of the present century, has been unfortunately lost.

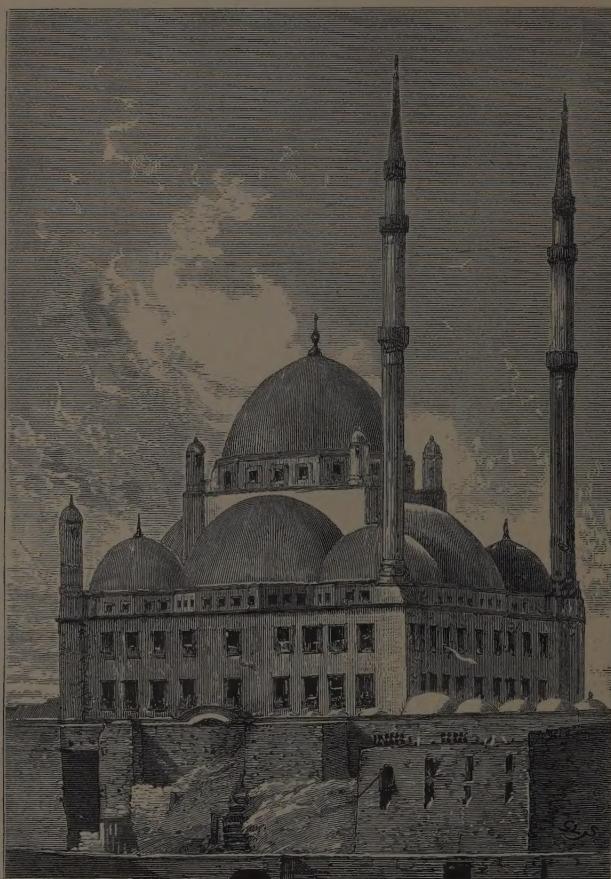
But we will leave the European quarter and visit some of the native parts of the town. Near the Palace of the Courts of Justice is the beginning of the old French street called the Mûsky. Various conjectures have been made by modern writers as to the origin of this word, yet it evidently echoes the name of the *Emir Ezz-ed-dîn Mûsîk*, who, according to Al-Makrîzî, built the bridge which here crosses the grand canal. Mûsîk was related to Salâh-ed-dîn Yusuf ebn Ayûb; he died at Damascus A.H. 584. Proceeding along this street, in which we meet a most motley crowd of Europeans and Egyptians, we presently turn to the left, and soon reach the celebrated bazaar called Khân-al-Khâifî, a series of streets of shops under one roof. In the first few shops European cotton goods are sold, and then we come to some which are noted for the sale of Turkish embroi-

dery, Syrian silk, woollen, and embroidered cloaks, kerchiefs, silks, &c. A fine old courtyard with doors, the lintels of which are picturesquely sculptured, is occupied by carpet sellers, one of whom will offer his possible customer a seat and a small cup of coffee whilst displaying his wares from Smyrna, Baghdad, and Persia. Proceeding a little farther, we find men engraving, on brass trays and other utensils, delicate ornaments copied from ancient designs and unintelligible Arabic inscriptions, which, by inaccurate copying, have lost their original sense and meaning: these engravers are mostly Persians. Many of the other shops in this bazaar are also occupied by Persians, for at the extreme end it leads to the mosque of Hussein, containing the shrine which is more especially revered by the Shââi sect. Many of these are curiosity shops. Accepting the invitation of one of the shopkeepers, we take a seat on his stall, on which are flat glass cases filled with curiosities and objects of taste and

luxury, ancient and modern—amber mouthpieces, cigarette holders; saucers containing Greek, Roman, and Oriental coins, Egyptian scarabæi, amulets, statuettes, and beads; precious stones for jewellery, rubies, garnets, sapphires, carnelian signets ready for engraving, quaint ornaments in jade from India and China, embroidered slippers from Constantinople, inkstands, and a variety of other objects. Our host sits behind his cases on his carpet, and in the recess of his shop are displayed Oriental weapons, Persian, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese porcelain vases, bowls, and dishes, carved chests and coffers, and curiosities from Central Africa. He does not seem anxious to sell anything; he entertains us gracefully, and offers us some delicious tea in little glass tumblers, and a narghilé filled with fragrant Persian tumbak. He allows us to examine his wares at our leisure, without apparently taking much interest in the matter, though he is, in all probability, watching us and taking secret note of the articles in his heterogeneous collection which have attracted our attention. When we ask the price of an object we receive an answer that is exor-

bitant, and so we offer him a lower price, which he declines, for he says it cost him more, but he will make us a present of it. Thereupon we offer him a small reduction on his first price, as we do not wish, after having accepted his hospitality, to leave without buying something. This last offer is accepted with feigned reluctance, and the curiosity becomes ours at a price certainly above its local value; but we mentally deduct something for the pleasant hour spent in the bazaar and for the glass of excellent tea.

On certain days in each week an auction is held in this bazaar, the auctioneers carrying on their shoulders a motley assortment of discarded clothes, Oriental jackets, silk and satin kaftans, and even European garments; whilst in their hands and in their girdles they carry weapons of various kinds and a few pieces of jewellery. They walk up and down the bazaar calling out in loud voices the last offers made for certain articles. This business is all carried on in a most familiar and accom-



The Mosque of Mohammed Aly, within the Citadel—Cairo.

modating form: we may call the auctioneer to the stall at which we may be seated, and look through the wares, of which he will tell the last prices, and we may make an offer, as it matters not which article is sold first, for there are no catalogues.

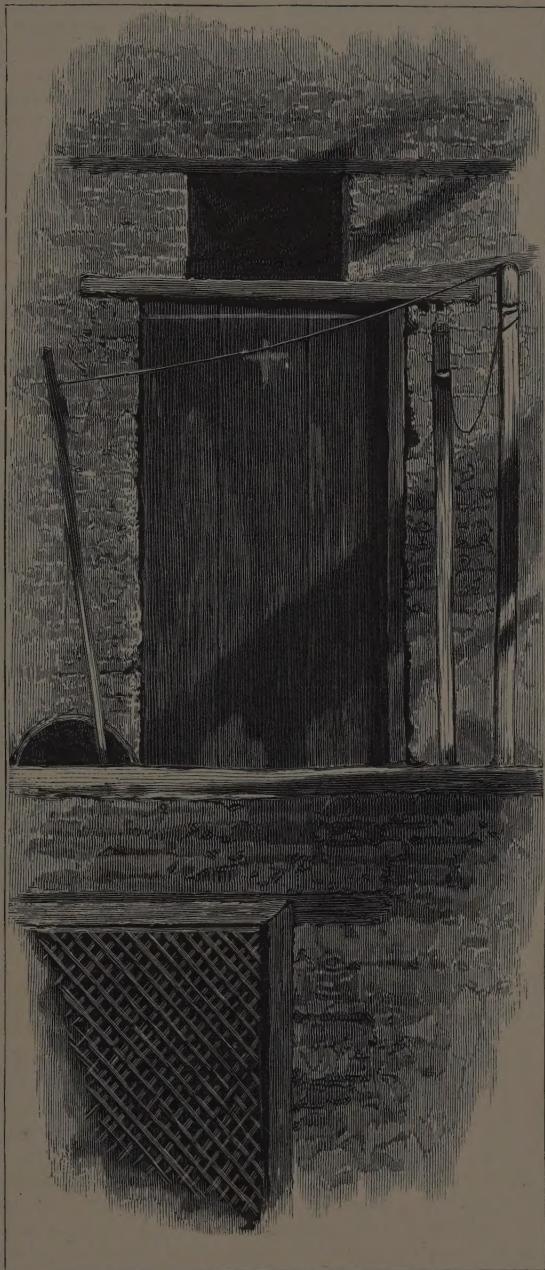
Leaving the Khân-al-Khalîly by the way we entered it, we cross the road and pass under one of the narrow low porches



Mosque Window.

leading to the silversmiths' bazaar, and find ourselves in a dark alley of about eight feet wide, with small shops, or cupboards, of not more than six or eight feet square, raised about three feet from the pathway, the *mastabah*, or stone seat, in front of the shops being continuous, and projecting about two feet. As we pro-

ceed we find a perfect labyrinth of cross streets of shops all in the same style, though some are rather wider and more commodious. All the shops are occupied by working silversmiths and jewellers, some being fitted up with forge and bellows for melting the metals, others having anvils, punches, and a variety of implements for the different kinds of work, but all in the most primitive style. Each shop has its strong box in which the stock is kept; and in some we remark glass cases for the better display of the work. In other shops we find a



Door of a House in the Coptic Quarter.

quantity of old silver bracelets, necklets, anklets, and rings, that have been sold by the peasantry to enable them to pay their taxes. The new work consists of plain gold wire bracelets, ornaments in filigree-work, bangles, necklets, and earrings made of gold or silver gilt, with pendants of ancient Egyptian coins. The few precious stones are of a very inferior colour and shape.

Again crossing the Mûsky, we reach the Ghauriyeh, a bazaar that takes its name from the mosque of Kansu-al-Ghauriyeh—last but one of the Mamfuke sultans—which is built on one side of the bazaar, whilst his tomb, with its grand portal, adorns the opposite side, both constructed in the beautiful style of the fifteenth century.

This is one of the busiest as well as one of the most picturesque bazaars of Cairo. Here is a greater variety of bright colours in the dresses of the merchants and in those of their customers. The shops contain every variety of the most useful and necessary articles both of dress and of food, almost every trade having at least one representative here. Some shops are for the sale of Manchester cotton goods and prints, which are neatly piled up against the inner walls, whilst some are also exposed on the projecting seat, or mastabah. Others are for the sale of silks of various kinds, tarboushes, and silk tassels. We even find a few grocers and a row of candle-makers, who arrange their wares in a fanciful and tasteful manner in front of their shops. All the shopkeepers here are Muslims, well-dressed, respectable, and often handsome men. Owing to their sedentary occupation and to their being seldom exposed to the rays of the sun, they are much more pale and of fairer complexion than any other class of the Egyptian population.

The Ghauriyeh is one of the most important thoroughfares in Cairo. It forms part of the continuous road through the town from north to south, and was until lately the best way of reaching the Citadel. Besides the mosque and tomb of Al-Ghauriyeh, it contains another equally celebrated mosque built by the Mamfuke Sultan, Malek-al-Muayyid, which is sometimes called Al-Mutawelli, after one of the names of the gate. The entrance to this mosque is up a flight of stone steps, under a lofty archway decorated with geometrical patterns in coloured marble, and two monogrammatic Cufic inscriptions in black and white.

The Citadel, a fortress of considerable extent, entirely dominating the town of Cairo, was built by Salâh-ed-dîn in A.H. 572=A.D. 1177, and by him joined to the town and enclosed within the city wall. It stands on a spur of the Mukattam range of hills. The most prominent building in the Citadel is the mosque containing the tomb of Mohammed Aly, the founder of the present dynasty. It is built of Oriental alabaster. Its large dome, and the Turkish minarets like very long candles with small extinguishers, are distinctive objects in the view of Cairo for miles around. Its proportions are grand, but the details are in bad taste. Indeed, it is surprising that any architect who had before him in Cairo so many magnificent specimens of mosque architecture could have produced such a design. During certain evenings in the month of Ramadhan this mosque is lighted up with thousands of lamps, and the effect is then very imposing.

The mosque built there by Malek-an-Naser-Muhammad-ibn-Kalaûn in A.H. 718=A.D. 1318, although now in ruins, still

shows evidence of its former magnificence as described by Al-Makrizi. Its minaret was formerly covered with encaustic tiles, some of which are still to be seen, and part of an inscription in the same material encircles it on a broad fillet.

The Citadel contains a large garrison and a considerable population. Here are the Ministry of War; a palace in which public receptions are occasionally held; the Mint; and some other Government offices.

Between the large mosque and the palace is an open court, the parapet of which is pointed out by the guides as the place from which one of the Mamluke Beys leaped with his horse, and thus effected his escape when all the rest of the Mamlukes were massacred in 1811. But another version of his escape, and one which is probably more correct, is to the effect that he was delayed in town, and only reached the Citadel just as the gate was being closed, and that, hearing the musketry, he set spurs to his horse and fled across the desert to Syria.

The view from this parapet is as beautiful as it is extensive. On the horizon are seen the pyramids of Sakkârah and of Gizeh, on the arid desert beyond the range of irrigation. The Nile, visible for many miles, the extensive belt of cultivated fields, and the rich groves of palm-trees, form an effective background to this well-nigh bird's-eye view of Cairo.

Another remarkable object in the precincts of the Citadel is the deep well called Joseph's Well, which some authors say was excavated by Kara-Kosh, a eunuch of Yusuf-Salâh-ed-dîn, and called after the name of his master. But, according to the account given by Al-Makrizi, it appears that Kara-Kosh, whilst digging for the foundations of some of the buildings to be constructed in the fortress, discovered this well filled with sand and débris, and that he caused it to be emptied and utilised. The style of the excavation tends to confirm Al-Makrizi's



Dromedary Saddle.

version, for it indicates a more remote antiquity than that of Salâh-ed-dîn. The work must have taken years to accomplish, and is evidently the result of the patient industry of a multitude of men, acting under skilled supervision, after the manner of the ancient Egyptians. It consists of a vertical shaft cut through the limestone rock to the depth of three hundred feet. About one hundred and fifty feet of this shaft is fifteen feet square, and the remainder, or lower half, is about ten feet square. A winding staircase of about six feet wide is also excavated in the rock, encircling the shaft at a distance of about two feet from it, and having windows opening into it at regular intervals. At the bottom of the wider part of the shaft—that is to say, at a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet—there is a water-wheel worked by mules or oxen, which draw up the water from the bottom to a reservoir constructed there, whilst other oxen working at another wheel at the top raise the water from this reservoir to the surface. The mules or oxen working the lower wheel are trained to go up and down the staircase, and are relieved every few hours.

(To be continued.)

ROCOCO.

IF we consider the decorative Art of Europe, we find that it falls naturally into two great systems which stand for everlastingly opposed aesthetic tendencies. One is "classic," the other "romantic." Greek decoration is symmetrical, monotonous, restful, calm, distinct; Gothic is organic, varied, restless, aspiring, emblematic, sometimes incoherent. A new road rivalling in importance these two great highways is not to be struck out. And, among the minor

pseudo-artistic chat to a false meaning, or deprived of any exact significance whatever. One such word is *rococo*, and there is none that stands more in need of a little close defining. We all know how it is commonly used—as a dainty designation for something out of date, yet pleasing—quaint, picturesque, and attractive—in the fashion of a day gone by. Thus it serves Mr. Swinburne for the title of his poem which did more, perhaps, than anything else to bring the pretty syllables into fashion. In English *rococo* can hardly be said to have a more definite meaning than this. On the Continent it may be heard more specially used to denote a sort of Louis Quinze type of furniture and decoration, but even then it is constantly confused with the allied term *baroque* (or *baroque*), or with the Louis Quatorze style.

This inexactness comes from the fact that the art of the eighteenth century not only flourished—as was natural—without giving itself names, but was long written about and spoken of without definite titles, and when such titles grew up it was not known exactly how they originated, nor to precisely what they should be applied. Only by degrees did appropriateness make itself felt. Now, however, each style is fitted with its proper label, and Continental critics could hardly mistake them again, as we no longer could mix the terms relating to mediæval Art which sixty years ago



Fig. 1.—From the Propylaea, Athens.

developments of art during the last two thousand years, there has been but one which seems to incline to neither of these master-styles. To this development has been given the name "Rococo." It was immediately preceded by nothing worth a thought, and till to-day has been followed by no style of the slightest originality. But in this isolation and independence does not consist its only



Fig. 2.—Early Gothic, Notre-Dame, Paris.

charm. Rococo-work has furthermore a delicate intrinsic beauty, and a noteworthy historical importance, being to a greater degree even than most styles illustrative of time and people.

The word *rococo* has an indefinitely familiar sound in our ears. One of the minor consequences of the present passion for decorative Art has been the incorporation into fashionable slang of many terms of semi-technical origin. I do not refer to the affected shibboleths of this clique or of that, but to words of recognised currency and legitimate effect in artistic parlance, perverted in



Fig. 3.—Stucco-work, from the Courland Palace, Dresden.

were in such hopeless confusion. Gradually the designations are being used in English also, but still in a distressingly vague fashion. Eighteenth-century work was long thought of with such contempt that a cloudiness of terms in denoting it seemed of little moment, but it is growing back into favour, and demands clearer naming.

It would be difficult to quote all the ways in which the word *rococo* has been misdefined. Its origin even, together with that of *baroque*, which is so often confounded with it, is unknown. The two may or may not have come from the same source, and, though plausible guesses are made as to such a source, they do not seem to be much else than guesses. It is useless to hunt through dictionaries, cyclopædias, or the Art criticisms of even a few years ago, to find the two words strictly defined. The way in which they are confused with each other and with many allied terms is most perplexing. But as their meanings have crystallised under the pen of the latest German critics, they stand thus: *Baroque* is the heavy post-Renaissance style of architecture and decoration that developed out of the true Renaissance and stretched from Michael Angelo to Louis Quatorze inclusively, while *Rococo* is a style entirely different in spirit (chiefly applied to interior decoration and furniture) that came in under Louis Quinze, to be afterwards superseded, under Louis Seize and the Directory, by a cold and galvanised classicism.

It would be easy, had one space, to quote passages from many authors to show that the word *rococo* is not only of unknown race, and of very doubtful parentage, but that it lived long in a loose and roving fashion before it became indissolubly wedded to the style which at last, among those most conversant with the sub-

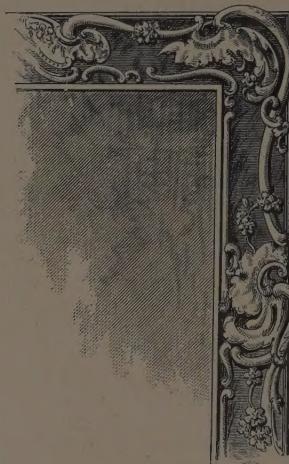


Fig. 4.—From the Picture-Gallery, Dresden (Deibel).

ject, is alone permitted to bear its name. What, now, is this style which is Rococo, that we may know how to avoid giving the name to that which is Barock, or Queen Anne, or Louis Quatorze, or Louis Seize—in a word, to what is *not* Rococo?

To explain this I must go back with a word or two of definition respecting the art that properly is Barock, as without some knowledge of this we could not rightly estimate the peculiar position and the value of rococo-work.

Mr. Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," traces the transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance work of Italy, showing the intimate connection that exists between architectural styles and the habits of thought and life of the people producing them. He shows how Italian-Gothic and Romanesque were in the fifteenth century first contaminated and degraded, then abandoned and superseded. The cause he finds not only in the revival of ancient learning with the consequent craze for everything that savoured of Greece or Rome, but in the waxing love of pomp and show, in the increasing incapacity for patient and reverent thought, for slow and careful toil. These combined in a tendency to make beauty the handmaid of display, not a goddess to be worshipped for her own sake, in secret as in public, at all times and in all places. The patience and devotion, the deep and fervid imagination, which had made the Gothic decoration of his ancestors possible, were foreign to the reckless, splendour-loving, untrammelled Italian of the *cinquecento*. Equally foreign to him on the other hand, however, was the calmly perfect taste of the Greek—the delicate eye for form and wonderful sense of proportion that found perennial satisfaction in an exquisite monotony of temple and portico and restful figures. When the Italians set to work to copy Greek and Roman architects, they could hardly have been expected to show original genius. The best beauty of their work lay in a unity of style carried out with infinite grace and refinement of touch. But even such notes as these were too high and pure to be long sustained when the fifteenth gave place to the sixteenth century.

If Mr. Ruskin had not stopped at the establishment of the Renaissance, but had followed the parallel lines of manners and Art down through the centuries, he would have found proofs still more forcible than those he adduces from the previous period to support his theory of the close connection between morals and architecture. Life in Italy became daily more confused, more irregular, more undignified, more lawless, more grotesque, and architecture followed suit. It is to the architecture of these centuries that the name "Barock" is applied, embracing the period from the decline of the true Renaissance (about A.D. 1550) to the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Michael Angelo was the fos-

terer, if not the originator, of the new departure. His very genius made his example the more fatal, and for two centuries the course of architecture tended steadily downward, growing more and more Barock from lustre to lustre. This work should by no means be called "Renaissance," though the term is stretched to do this and other false services. In French and German, *baroque*, *barock*, popularly means anything exaggerated, strange, uncouth, and this general meaning helps in reaction to explain the architecture that the word technically denotes. No graceful Renaissance work remains to it, no well-proportioned windows, no fretwork or medallions, no light balustrade or tastefully panelled wall and ceiling. Decoration has grown heavy, lumbering, awkward, irrational. Moreover, forgetting its office, it strives to embrace the whole building, and become an ingrained part of it. So it falls into all manner of monstrous absurdities, and works up puerile and undignified ideas with the most massive materials on the hugest scale. The architects of this period sometimes built piles which have a certain grandeur of mass, as different from the simple perfection of the antique as from the forceful grace of Gothic. But this was all they could do at their best. True beauty of outline and real excellence of detail were alike impossible to them. From this barock architecture, with its elephantine luxuriance, sprang our delicate and dainty rococo, a hot-house plant of art if ever there was one. As the Dutchman's tulips in their flaunting gorgeousness differ from a fragile, irrecoverable "sport," the delight and despair of some *dilettante* gardener, so the clumsy extravagance of barock differs from the airy, artistic, delightful vagaries of rococo decoration.

To find the causes of such a complete reaction, we must not fix our eyes upon the history of art-forms alone. This change also—and to a yet more noteworthy degree than its predecessors—went hand in hand with a corresponding change in manners, habits, and dress. It was the change from the typical French king of the seventeenth to the typical French king of the eighteenth century. Affected solemnity and reserve were changed for freedom and audacity, stateliness and formality for grace and versatility. Periwigs gave way to powder, and the barock of Louis Quatorze became rococo under Louis Quinze.

Figs. 3 to 14 give some idea of the main character of the style, and in Figs. 1 and 2 it may be compared with simple specimens of the two great decorative systems.

Greek ornament is always conventional, though the primary inspiration comes from Nature (Fig. 1). In Gothic, things are reversed. Here ornament, like construction, started with geometry,



Fig. 5.—Wall-Panel—French.

but developed at its best into almost literal transcriptions from Nature. Renaissance, like the Roman it copied, was merely an imitation of Greek Art; it sinned in many ways, but especially in its false use of figure-sculpture. Barock designs are a bastard conglomerate, the elements of which, however, are to be traced to

classic models. Rococo ornament, on the other hand, cannot, as I have said, be classed as either Greek or Gothic. It is not more plant-like than geometrical. Its endless fluctuation of graceful curves differs equally from balanced Greek and from interdependent Gothic lines. For, erratic as Gothic work may often seem, it always is interdependent. It must always have a demonstrably regular basis. But try to formulate by any system of lines and sections the outline of a good bit of rococo porcelain. No one line seems to be the logical cause of the next, or the logical outcome of the preceding line. Yet, alter one curve, and the whole is spoiled. The sequence *is* as necessary as in Gothic, but the only guides in finding it must have been a sensitive eye and an unerring hand. The artisan has been an artist who designed while executing.

The formula of rococo is irregularity pushed to an extreme limit yet not exaggerated, sought by gentle rather than by forcible contrasts and always with flowing lines. Not a straight line, not a regular edge, not a single repetition of detail, not a particle of symmetry, is allowed. Above all, there is no rest, no base, no centre, no appearance of careful planning, of deliberate design; all is changeful, unpremeditated, liquid. Examples that do not cleverly fulfil each and all of these requirements are *bad* rococo, done in the latter days of the style, or by a poor workman.

Other styles of work, barock among them, arose first in architecture, and were subsequently transferred to decoration, often perverted to the absurdest ornamental purposes. We have all seen, for instance, Gothic windows cut in wood, and used for chair-backs, and Renaissance medallions on teaspoons. With rococo the case was different. It arose in what the Germans call *Kleinkunst*—the art of small things—and to this branch of Art it remained confined. Typical, therefore, of the time when it arose, is indeed this art of the first half of the eighteenth century.



Fig. 6.—Sketch for Goldsmith—Huguier.

Those years were incapable of producing anything as noble as true architectural work. Fancy, and grace, and an artistic touch, they had, and these gave birth to an original style, but it was by its very nature confined to small things. The disgust that barock excesses in exterior architecture had finally excited was physicked

by the sight of straight, barrack-like walls with rows of faintly-arched windows, the only ornament attempted being some slight stucco-work over the door or wood-carving on its panels, some scanty metal tracery of window-screen or railing. So we find the exterior of almost all buildings of the period when rococo flour-



Fig. 7.—Sketch for Decorator—Huguier.

ished in the interior. Here the fragile chair-legs, the embossed cabinets, the delicate silks, and the dainty china, were relieved against pale walls and ceilings encircled, panelled, and encrusted, with stucco-work in low relief. In such stucco-work executed in white and gold or in soft aquarelles, rococo Art found more perfect expression than in any other way. Its next best examples we find in porcelain, in beaten and chiselled metal, and in carved wood.

Though rococo is confined to and sprang from *Kleinkunst*, yet it is hard to say just how and where and in what branch it first budded. *Kleinkunst* is a comprehensive term, and includes many crafts besides those just named. We may rank Benvenuto Cellini as its crowned king, but Palissy and Della Robbia, Boule and Peter Vischer and Kändler were princes of the art, and the jewellers of Augsburg, the armourers of Spain, the glass-blowers of Venice, the lacquer-workers of Japan, the weavers of Persia and India, and the potters of the whole East, are worthy to stand beside them. To all these we may further add the decorator who supplements the architect.

Semper,* in his voluminous work on style, claims that rococo originated with the Dresden porcelain-makers, and, by means of their creations, was transplanted to Versailles, where it took root and flourished. But another German critic, Von Zahn, in the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*,† shows that the style was already reigning in France, when a Saxon princess went thither in 1747, as the wife of the Dauphin, and Kändler, the director of the Meissen porcelain manufactory, followed her with his most beautiful specimens as gifts for her royal connections. It seems most probable that the decorator was the real inventor of the style which found its highest development under his fingers. Be this as it may, stucco-wreathed ceilings and panelled walls are not

* Semper, "Der Stil."

† "Barock, Rococo, und Zopf," *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, October and November, 1873.

architecture any more than are Meissen clocks and dishes; the one product is *Kleinkunst* as well as the other. In any case, rococo owed its birth to the popular reversion from the grandiose and the overladen towards the dainty, the delicate, the fragile—to the craze for *Kleinkunst* of every description, which was a reaction from the tremendous exaggerations of barock Art.



Fig. 8.—Part of Silver Lamp—French.

It is easy to see why rococo-work developed most fully in plaster and porcelain; for, consisting of flexible outlines and delicate curves, that require rapid and facile execution, the one demand it makes upon its material is for plasticity. We know how earthenware vessels and figures are made; how the wet clay is shaped by the wheel, the lathe, the mould, and the fingers; how the different bits are welded together, and how the whole is unified by the action of heat. If we except the simplest shapes, such as the Greek, the curved vagaries of rococo are more appropriate to ceramics than are any other forms. All shapes in the least architectural, like



Fig. 9.—Bureau—French.

many of the Sèvres models, from the days of the First Empire, for instance, are false in pottery. The straight lines, right angles, and solidity which they affect belie the nature of their material and the manner of their making. Kändler, who was director of the Meissen factory during the reign of Augustus III. of Saxony (1733-1763), has left the most perfect types of rococo porcelain.

Breaking loose from the traditions of Oriental Art, he fostered an indigenous style. His models should be more valuable to the collector than any other Dresden pieces, being not only exquisitely pretty and appropriate, but more original than any other European pottery of modern times. There are many bad rococo shapes, no doubt, that date from Meissen, heavy, ungraceful, the work of unskilled fingers, but these are certainly not Kändler's, and his are easily identified. We are told by contemporaries that he worked *aus freier Hand*, designing as he went, without sketch or model. Thus we recur again to the fact that in *all* rococo-work the actual handcraftsman must have gone for very much. In covering wall and ceiling with stucco in long sinuous lines—never a straight inch—with shell and flower-work in the corners—never a repetition of detail—the tools that laid on the wet plaster, and drew or stamped or cut it into such airy curves and forms, must have been held by fingers both rapid and sure. The process with the moist mixture and the water-colours must have been limited in time, and retouching was certainly perilous. It is characteristic of the delicate nature of this work that aquarelle was the medium used. Rooms that have been "restored" with the more easily-managed oils have been invariably spoiled. The less delicate tints coarsen and harden the effect, and the look of fragile refinement is lost. This may be noticed in Frederick the Great's Sans-Souci, at Potsdam, where such of the rooms as have retained the original clever,



Fig. 10.—Soup-Tureen—French.

though somewhat heavy rococo decorations have been repainted to their detriment. Some of the door-panels, however, raised gilt-work on a white ground, can hardly be surpassed—fascinating in their variety, as quaint and fanciful as Japanese work, and infinitely more graceful. In other rooms there is an inclination towards the grotesque, which is not at all permissible to rococo. Compare even these, however, in their injured state, with the rooms that were renovated after the year 1800, in the revised pseudo-classicism of that most barren of all Art epochs, and we shall understand the difference between a style that is living and even original, if not great, and a mechanical copy of even the noblest Art the world has borne.

Rococo china has come from many factories—German, Scandinavian, Dutch, French, English, and Spanish; but it is all later in date than the Dresden ware, and infinitely inferior to it in excellence. The forms are scarcely ever good, even when the ornamentation is passable, and the tints are usually harsh and crude. This is so even in Chelsea ware, though George II. imported artists direct from Meissen. The heaviness of the English air seems to have mixed itself with their paste as they worked. This superiority and precedence of the Dresden rococo-work shows the centre whence the influence spread. If we know the history of the century, we know how characteristic is this fact; for we know that, next to Versailles, Dresden was socially and artistically the most prominent city of the Continent. East and north its influence was far greater than that of France, and the art of the century reached there its most characteristic development.

Barock architecture bloomed late in Dresden, but there alone did it grow almost original, there alone was it not merely showy and extravagant but fascinatingly *bizarre*, lawlessly attractive. So, in

from patterns or designs. Yet the free, rapid touch, and endless individuality so necessary to the style, are often perfectly preserved (Fig. 12). The best artists and architects of the day—

Meissonier, Oppenord, Huguier—did not disdain to prepare books of designs for the goldsmith, used probably more as general guides than for exact copying. Huguier's engravings of this sort are most beautiful—very daring rococo, with a dash of the Chinese element so popular at the time. They are too large for reproduction here, and the scraps we give (Figs. 6 and 7) are but corners of large designs, and no sample of his power. Such breadth of handling, such quaint yet wholesome taste, a touch so easy, so rapid, and so exactly sure, are only to be appreciated in the full-page prints of his folios.

Mr. Goding's beautiful collection of snuff-boxes exhibited at South Kensington in 1877 contained several of the loveliest rococo workmanship. Some were plain in shape, of semi-precious stone or mother-of-pearl, with the flowing decoration inserted or encrusted in gold. Others were all of gold, in delicately-odd shapes, ornamented with enamelled flowers or miniatures or jewels. A tiny gold needle-case, with raised flowers in colours, could not be surpassed in beauty by goldsmith's work of any age. Some good specimens are also to be found in the much-prized Battersea enamel. Fig. 11 shows a lovely rococo pattern as adapted by the lace-workers of the time.

In summing up as to dates in general, we may put the best period of rococo in France between 1710 and 1750. In England and Germany it was somewhat later. It grows out of the balanced and comparatively coarse and commonplace work of the reign of Louis Quatorze, and dies sterile after a short life, hav-

ing in no sense given birth to the style which succeeded it, the cold and mechanical types of Louis Seize and the Empire. Examples attributed to a date earlier or much later than those I have given will usually be found to have been carelessly or ignorantly labelled. Fig. 10 is copied from a plate in M. Philippe Burty's work, *Chefs-d'œuvre des Arts Industriels*, and is there labelled as "Bretagne ware of the seventeenth century, after a silver pattern." This I should take for a mere misprint were not the author in many cases far from exact as to dates. It is fully-developed ro-



Fig. 11.—Lappet—Point d'Alençon.

the following generation, Dresden porcelain and Dresden decorators brought rococo *Kleinkunst* to its highest point.

Rococo shapes, as I have said, are not constructive except in pottery where the material is unique. In wood, the Art should be simply decorative. The best examples are, perhaps, in picture-frames, such as the many by Joseph Deibel (about 1744) in the Dresden Picture-Gallery. The simple constructive form is always well indicated (Fig. 4) beneath the mass of ornament, and, the wood being soft and intended for gilding, effects of plasticity may be legitimately obtained. Many of the street-doors of the time are very fine—plain mouldings, curving round the var-shaped panels, and breaking at the top into an irregular ornament in relief—roses, shells, birds' wings, or whatever the motive may be. I do not remember to have seen any such doors, except in soft wood painted. In hard wood with a visible grain, such work would be far less appropriate.

Apply the same principles to furniture and we shall readily see the difference between the two kinds that came to be used. One, producing plain, well-shaped chairs, bureaus (Fig. 9), and cabinets, with slightly curved legs, the ornament of super-added metal or inlaid wood being rococo, may be unreservedly admired. But the other kind, where the whole article in its constructive as well as in its decorative lines strives to carry out the formula of the style, is equally ugly and incorrect. This latter kind, it will be readily remembered, is the one that was, unfortunately, longest perpetuated. It is the one that has been so promiscuously copied in our day—I need hardly say, with great exaggeration and intense vulgarity of handiwork.

In eighteenth-century metal-work we find much exquisite rococo. It is especially suited to the wrought-iron railings, gates, balustrades, and window-screens, so much in vogue. In the precious metals we find a diversity of workmanship, the pattern being sometimes incised, sometimes *repoussé*, and sometimes constituting the whole object, as in the great silver lamp, of which one corner is given (Fig. 10). This last method is only appropriate where the object is suspended or supported in some way, not where it needs true constructive lines, as it does in dishes, candlesticks, vases, and the like.

Metal-work had to be done more slowly and deliberately than that of the modeler and porcelain-moulder, and so more or less

coco, and cannot possibly be characterised as "seventeenth-century work," for, even if it had been executed a year or so before the century, it would still belong to the typical eighteenth-century style. It is furthermore probable that it was done in



Fig. 12.—Design by Meissonier for Metal-work.

the later years of the style, if it is, indeed, "after a silver pattern."

Shall we now turn from actual rococo decorative work and try to see what was produced in other branches of human activity by the spirit that developed this decoration?

The painters of the time are Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Lancret, and their like, and they are intensely rococo in sentiment and in touch. The first is by far the cleverest artist. His people are affected courtlings, no doubt, but they are real people of flesh and blood, not dolls, and the world from which he drew them was a world of affected courtlings alone. Both in life and on Watteau's canvas their affectation has become so truly their second nature that it is quite *naïve*. Their dress is Louis Quinze, their hair is powdered, and their smiles are overdone, but they are alive, and have brisk, capricious, palpitating little hearts, and spirited, versatile little brains beneath the paint and patches. Take a frame



Fig. 13.—Vase—Berlin Porcelain.

carved by Deibel, put into it a garden-scene by Watteau, and we shall have as perfect a reproduction as is possible of the spirit of the time, a reproduction of rococo ideals and of rococo workmanship as well.

To sing for us this eighteenth-century pseudo-idyll, we must hunt up a poet of the time. There is but one true rococo singer who has survived the passage of a century—the German Wieland, who lived a generation later than the flowering of rococo Art in France, but in Germany was just late enough to be thoroughly imbued with its spirit. If he seems to us to-day a perfectly isolated figure in the generations that saw Lessing and Klopstock, Herder and Schiller, or Winckelmann and Goethe, we must remember that he was surrounded by a crowd who versified in a similar strain, and who are utterly forgotten, while his genius has lent immortality to his Dresden-china people. In Wieland's poems we find all the powdered elegance of the "style Louis Quinze," all the sham, conscious un-Greek Grecism so popular at the time; we find a graceful and graceless freedom of speech and manner, a delicately reckless coquetry, a spirit of doing and loving that is unmoral rather than immoral, an atmosphere that is neither an-

tique nor modern, nor anything but just rococo—we find scenes and people that look quite fresh, quite different from any other life that any one else has told of or sung of. Could we see his people incorporated, we should see the truly representative sculpture of the time. In truth, we have them—not in marble nor in bronze, but in Kändler's span-high Meissen figures, with their delicate shimmer and pale tints—shepherdesses in satin and lace, warriors with baby faces, lovers attitudinising, yet really in love, goddesses most utterly unlike the Greek—little people who are quite impossible, yet whom we firmly believe to have actually existed!

Let us go back now with a word to our rococo decoration proper, and try to find its approximate rank among the ornamental variations that European handicrafts have expressed. I put out of view the interest excited by the fact that it is very characteristic of the life, the manners, and the morals of the people who saw its growth. I look at it now merely as Art, pure and simple. As such, I claim a great deal for it, when I claim that it is strictly original. Confined to the minor branches of Art though it was, graceful, refined, and effeminate, rather than noble, exquisite, without the beauty of power, it was still original and self-developed, and, as I have said, the only European decorative style that was neither Greek nor Gothic. Yet, strangely, this its greatest merit has passed unnoticed by even its German critics.

Rococo Art is not grand nor admirable, but it is dainty and lovable, and truly artistic. To the stickler for the noble and the



Fig. 14.—Fruit-Dish—Dresden Porcelain.

pure in Art, it may seem slight and frivolous. Neither classicist nor Gothicist can approve of it. Winckelmann, who lived in the midst of it, refused to have rococo vignettes put in his books, and ironically praises it as "the style of shells and cartouches, where the lines arrange themselves as do the atoms of Epicurus." We can imagine, on the other hand, how Mr. Ruskin would judge its vagrant grace and find it devoid of all earnestness and purpose, of all truth to Nature, and all striving after worthy ideals. There are those, however, who have a place in their hearts for any stray bit of beauty, although it be academically incorrect, and morally null and void—who see something to admire in originality even if it do not originate the highest things. Such will find a lively pleasure in coming upon a rococo boudoir among the heavy commonplaces of European palaces. They will be glad to put a Kändler dish on their favourite bracket, and will delight more in its evanescent beauty of curve and pallor, and subtle contrast, than in the costly inanities of modern Sèvres, the crude picturesque of English, or the brilliantly heavy conventionalities of French earthenware.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

A NEW PROCESS FOR CLEANING PAINTINGS.

VER since all things—religion included, in the progressive, critical spirit of the nineteenth century—have come to be submitted to the tests of science of one sort or other, to ascertain the precise degrees and quality of truth they contain, with the aim to purge them of all false and misleading elements, the "old masters" have received their full share of inquisitive attention. In general the public has viewed their outward appearance under one of two aspects, according to its own analytical or æsthetic propensities. The more imaginative persons have looked upon old pictures as veiled by time in a special material mysteriousness, caused chiefly by chemical changes in oils and colours, harmonising, deepening, and toning them down to a certain luminous pitch, equalising all parts, greatly enhancing the general effect, and making them full of poetical suggestiveness to the reciprocating mind, just as a sun-penetrating mist frequently gives a fairy-like look to a landscape by obscuring its defects and blending its beauties into one super-delightsome whole.

On the other hand, the harder and more positive mind looks upon the same works as having lost very much of their original clearness and brightness, and believes that the veiled mystery which gives so much pleasure to the more poetical mind is simply an illusion produced by repeated varnishes, discolorations of dirt, and the unhappy and needless restorations, such as have been in vogue everywhere until quite recently, to the serious detriment and darkening of the original painting.

Now, it is perfectly clear that if time does generate certain delicate changes in oil-colours, augmenting their æsthetic effects, as first supposed—for there is here no question as to *tempera*-colours, which are unchangeable in this respect—there is no process by which they could be brought back to the same condition as when they were completed by their painters. We must, indeed, accept them in this event as age reveals or obscures their latent or obvious merits, and be grateful if, as with sound human characters, they improve and develop unsuspected beauties by their longer intercourse with the general world. Whatever may be the precise amount of fact in this view of the old masters, it is the popular one; and that their enjoyment is immeasurably enlarged by the mystery of which we speak, cannot for a moment be put in doubt. Nevertheless there is something to be urged in favour of the contrary opinion, which seeks to probe this mysteriousness to its bottom, to find out how far it is real or fictitious, with the scope of enabling a spectator to see an old picture in its primitive aspects without illusions of any kind, mental or material. Much indeed depends on the multi-form methods of the masters themselves, and their individual aims and motives. After prolonged examination, I believe that with many, especially where there are subtle fusions of oil tints and successive glazings of surface colours, time does deepen their general tones, and produces that effective sense of mystery arising partly from material and partly from psychological causes, which, in susceptible minds, culminates in the highest enjoyment painting can confer. Such works are best let alone.

There are, however, in all the public galleries, and most private ones, scores of old pictures whose finest qualities are hidden beneath layers of actual dirt and dirtier varnishes, which it would be advisable to remove, could there be employed any process which would stop with removing them only, and leave the real painting beneath in its rightful condition. Further, if it could likewise take off all repaintings, and leave to our view—be it more or less remaining—solely the veritable handiwork of the original painters, the intrinsic value of galleries would be greatly increased, even if in some instances the general æsthetic effect left something to be desired, as in the case of Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa' of the Louvre.

Every great gallery contains many specimens of mutilated paintings which it would be hazardous to touch, because no one can tell beforehand how much absolute injury lies concealed beneath the varnishes and repaintings; and yet the merits of the original work are so obvious that there is a pressing temptation, rising to a sense of duty, to run some risk in order to uncover them and expose their true condition to light. When restorations have been

made in colours mixed in varnish, they are easily removed without harm to the painting underneath; but if the repainting was done in oil directly on to the original work, a solvent sufficiently strong to take off the former is liable to attack and injure the latter. Hence it is that the so-called cleaning of pictures by the ordinary alcoholic solvents, aided by the knife, has resulted in much damage to numberless old masters during the past three hundred years.

Still it is only of comparatively recent date that this species of injury has attracted the investigation it deserves, and attention has been directed towards the discovery of safer methods of cleaning, and more judicious systems of restoration.

Professor Pattenkofer, of Munich, is the author of the simple and facile alcoholic process which, by evaporation, only dissolves the old varnishes, and brings away with them the combined dirt and repaintings, when done in varnish, leaving the original surface comparatively clean and pure. For this discovery the professor was munificently rewarded by the King of Bavaria with a gift of one hundred thousand francs. It is not, however, sufficiently sure or complete to respond to all the requirements of a perfect process. Signor Mariano Luperini, of Pisa, now claims to have discovered one, and, as his system has just been put in trial by the Royal Gallery of Florence, is highly commended by Cav. Gotti, the Director, who says it is destined to make progress, and is exciting much surprise and controversy in Art circles generally, it is worth our while to take note of it.

A commission of artists and restorers appointed by the Government to report on its merits has given a mixed decision in three forms. The majority, including the distinguished painters Ussi, Ademollo, Gordigiani, Cassioli, and Mussini, warmly indorse it; two others recommend it in a qualified manner, stating it must be used with great precautions by experienced hands; while Professors Ciseri and Sorbi strongly condemn it, believing it has notably changed for the worse the beautiful painting on which it was chiefly tested.

The painting chosen was No. 265 of the Pitti Gallery, the favourite 'St. John the Baptist' by Andrea del Sarto. Those of our readers who can recall this work will remember it was very dark, difficult to make out in detail, and literally could be said to have been conspicuously veiled in the mystery before described. Those who look on it now, since it has been in the hands of Signor Luperini, may scarcely recognise it under its new aspect. Its thick layers of dirt, varnishes, and repaintings, have wholly disappeared, bringing out the hitherto invisible rocky background, fine contours and folds of the drapery, a carefully-painted garment of fur, subtle and exquisite modelling of the torso and extremities, vivid animation of the features, luminosity of the eyes, and other characteristic technical details, all displaying a most carefully-executed work in Andrea's best manner as to design, and doubtless colours, *as they were before he gave them their final glazings*. A master-work stands revealed in all but its last harmonising touches and tones. What has become of them?

The 'St. John,' notwithstanding its wonderful merits, now has a cold, flayed look; is out of internal tone and harmony; its pure white is raw and chilly; and its colours, as a whole, more or less crude and positive in their relations to each other; in short, it is out of tune as a complete work. Comparing it with any other of the numerous Andreas in the gallery in its general aspect, although it is kept apart from them, few connoisseurs, I think, would give it the preference as an æsthetic whole. Indeed, many consider the painting to be completely skinned. Nevertheless the extreme advocates of the system claim that it has put the picture in precisely the condition that Andrea del Sarto left it; and, if the entire Pitti pictures could be similarly treated, the world would see the old masters, to their great artistic gain, as they were when just finished, very clear, bright, and positive-looking. But, taking the 'St. John' as a sample specimen, for my own part I should devoutly exclaim, God forbid! If Andrea *left* this picture in its present condition, he never could have put in its last glazings and final manipulations. To my look it has every appearance of having been a highly-

finished work of his most subtle and delicate manner, but which has been in some past time subjected to one of those old-fashioned alcoholic scrubbings then practised by all restorers, which, in removing its fine glazings, made it cold and inharmonious, but doubtless very *clean*. To conceal the mischief he had done, or to extend his job, the restorer, in all probability, carelessly repainted parts, and darkened and obscured the entire surface with discolouring varnishes, and thus covered up the subtlest artistic points in modelling and design. The powerful solvents used by Luperini doubtless have brought them again to light in taking off the old restorer's work, leaving the painting in the mutilated condition to which he had reduced Andrea's once-perfect work under pretext of cleaning it. This is my impression. It has proved a bad choice in either category, whether as an unfinished or an injured work, as a supreme test of the Luperini process.

That his chemical soap *speedily* and effectually removes all dirt, varnishes, and foreign matters, from a painting, other tests on inferior pictures emphatically show; but over nearly all there rests the suspicion that it is very liable to overdo its work. True it leaves darkened pictures in a scrupulously clean, exact, equalised state, deprived of all "mystery;" but with it depart likewise, in the cases I have seen, those delicate emphases of tint, shadow, and infinite subtlety of touch that thoroughly complete a picture in sentiment and execution, making of it a perfect unity. There are exceptions, especially as regards German and Dutch masters, I am told, which leave nothing to be desired. If so, its effects depend either on the peculiar individual methods of painting of the old artists themselves, or the care and delicacy with which it is

applied, and it cannot be lightly intrusted to any one. But, on the other side, good judges, referring to the very same examples, affirm that they look, in their new guise, like recent copies all done by one hard, mechanical hand. Before any decisive judgment can be given, it should receive conclusive and exhaustive tests on pictures of no especial value in various conditions. Should it finally justify the claims of Luperini, a cheap, quick, and facile means of cleaning old masters and removing bad restorations will then be placed within the reach of museums and collections everywhere, and the old hazardous methods of necessity must disappear.

I must not, however, close this article without bearing testimony to a process I have seen recently in operation in the studio of Signor Mazzanti, of Florence, an artist expert of much experience and knowledge in these matters. The preparation was applied in my presence to valuable old pictures, both in *tempera* and oil, copiously laid on by brush. Softening immediately the varnishes and surface accumulations of foreign substances, it enabled them to be easily wiped off, leaving the original surface as clean, perfect in tone, and solid in pigment, as when first painted, while retaining perfectly that indescribable luminous lustre and marks of untampered condition which the experienced eye so values in old masters, but which, once lost, can never be regained. Judging from the tests I witnessed, the Mazzanti process, if somewhat slower than the Luperini, seems safer and more satisfactory in its technical and æsthetic results, besides being so simple and innocuous that it could be intrusted to any professional restorer, or even experienced amateur, to use at discretion.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

HOVENDEN'S 'VENDEAN VOLUNTEER.'

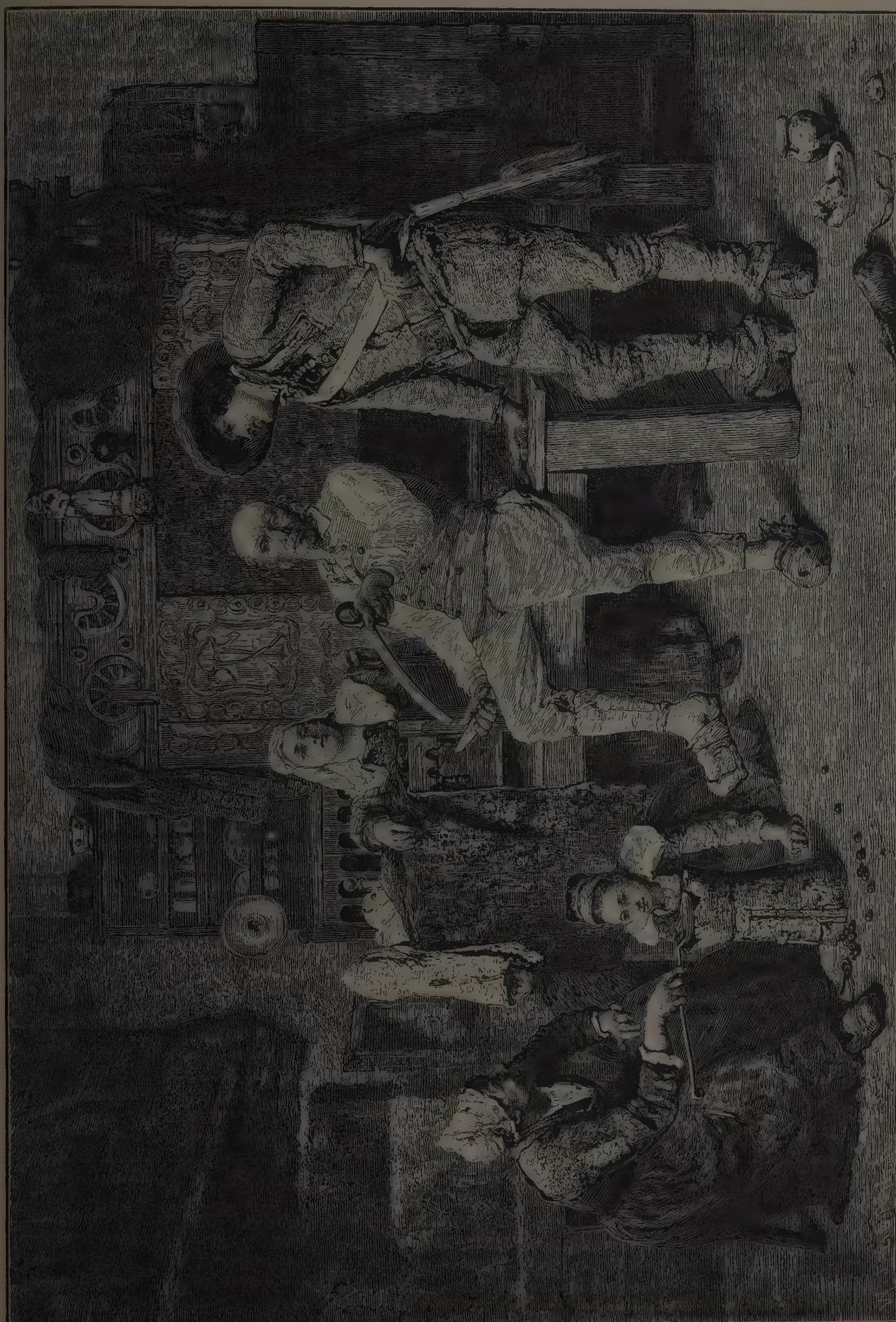


Of visitors to the annual exhibitions in the National Academy of Design, Mr. Thomas Hovenden's name is well known. Last year it appeared on 'The Pride of the Old Folks,' and the 'Loyalist Peasant Soldier of La Vendée, 1793,' and this year on 'Pendant le Repos,' 'What o'clock is it?' and 'The Challenge'—all of them figure-pieces, and all of them possessed of characteristics so peculiar that the spectator would be in little danger of mistaking a Hovenden for any other picture in the display. The artist was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1840, and, after a course of study in the South Kensington Museum, London, he came to America in 1863, and attended the lectures in the National Academy in New York, although it was not until eleven years afterwards that he adopted Art as a profession. In 1874, in pursuance of his plans for life-work, he went to Paris and became a pupil of M. Cabanel, the celebrated figure and portrait painter. He stayed there one year, and is still living in France. To the *Salon* of 1876 he contributed his 'Image-Seller,' and to the International Exhibition of 1878 his 'Breton Interior.'

The picture which we engrave from a large photograph taken by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, was painted for the Paris Exhibition of last year, and was admitted there by the committee in charge of admissions. The scene is another episode of the war in La Vendée. An old peasant is sharpening a sword for a young volunteer who is about to start upon an expedition. He glances along the edge of the blade and tests its sharpness, while the youthful soldier, his son, and the father of two fine children, waits in full uniform to receive it from his hands. At his feet lies his powder-horn; in a great chair in the corner, near a tall dresser, is his musket; by his side hangs his scabbard. In front of the fireplace, the grandmother and one of his children are moulding bullets over the charcoal burning in a brazier. All the accessories serve admirably to complete the story. The soldier's wife, her arms thrown protectingly over the cradle in which her infant is sleeping, is evidently Spartan in temper. She wishes the sword to be sharp, and she wishes her husband to defend his country; yet in the mirror of her face one sees reflected emotions sad and pitiful; it is hard for her to part with the father of her children,

and the protector of her life. The old woman, on the contrary—is she a mother-in-law?—is eager for him to depart and give battle to the enemy. She is sure that he will soon be victorious and at home again. The old man and the boy observe quietly the preparations—the one in his second childhood, the other in his first, and preserving a suggestive similarity of attitude and expression.

Mr. Hovenden had the pleasure of selling this work almost as soon as it was put in the exhibition, to an English gentleman, for a thousand dollars. It probably marks his furthest reach as an artist hitherto, and is on the whole as pleasing a production as he has yet sent out from his studio. That he has grown much during the last two years, is the most gratifying fact of his career—the most gratifying, because these years have witnessed a crisis in his history. The young American who goes to Paris and becomes cognisant of the most approved French methods of Art-work, usually at first appears somewhat brilliant to his old friends. The novelty and rapidity of his execution strike them favourably. They praise him easily. But they want something more. "Will he," they ask themselves, "use his new acquisitions in the service of creations of his own? Has he the creative spirit at all? Has he the gift of making something which shall stir a human soul? Has he a message to deliver to man?" It takes such an Art-student some time, we do not say two years, in all cases, to vindicate his right to praise of the best sort; and the gratifying thing about Mr. Hovenden is that, having been before the public the requisite time subsequent to his training in a foreign land, he has shown himself capable of independent poetic expression. He has grown since he left his master. He has done enough to satisfy his friends that he is fully entitled to the name of artist, and fully deserving of their hopes. And all this is true in spite of a certain crudeness in colouring which has heretofore lessened the effect of the paintings that he has sent to this country. We have not seen the original of the picture engraved for the *Art Journal*. Perhaps in this latest work he has overcome this obstacle, or at least given promise that he will overcome it. Mr. Hovenden displays a power of portraying and awakening wholesome and tender sentiment, and, at the same time, his methods are simple and sober, while he evinces no tendency for off-hand and careless execution.



THE VENDEAN VOLUNTEER.

From a Painting by THOMAS HOVENDEN.

HOGARTH AND LANDSEER.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.



T first sight it may seem that there was little in common between these two celebrated artists, except their profession and their fame. The one painted mainly men, and them in a specially satirical manner; the latter animals, and these in a particularly genial spirit. The one was a satirist in grain, the other a sentimental. Nor if, instead of considering them as artists, we look upon them as social beings, does their resemblance appear to be more striking. Born rather more than a century apart—Hogarth in 1697, Landseer in 1802—they were separated in thought and habit by a great gulf, which was bridged by scarcely any community of taste except that of expressing their thoughts pictorially. Though they belonged by birth to the same class,* and both by force of genius achieved social as well as artistic success, Hogarth remained what he was from

the beginning to the end, a sturdy, unrefined Englishman, bent only on exposing the faults and follies of his generation, without respect of classes or public opinion; whereas Landseer's more pliable mind, without sinking into sycophancy, yielded to the influences of the aristocratic company in which he was so gladly received, and always laboured to please rather than to influence public opinion.

Yet, notwithstanding these essential differences between these two men and artists, a careful study of their works appears to me to yield strange signs of fundamental affinity, which are all the more interesting because unexpected. To trace out these is the object of the present papers.

Hints of resemblances, slight suggestions of affinity, are scattered throughout the works of both artists. No one who has studied Hogarth's 'March to Finchley' and Landseer's 'Drover's Departure' could fail to remember that the disturbing influ-



Portrait of Sir E. Landseer, by himself. (From 'The Connoisseurs.')*

ence of the exodus in both cases extends even to the chickens, which are a notable feature in both compositions; nor could any one who narrowly examined Landseer's 'Be it never so humble, there is no place like home,' fail to be struck with the little snail in the foreground which carries his home on his back, a touch quite after the Hogarthian manner of enforcing the action of his more important figures or heightening the general impression of a scene by allegorical devices—witness the leashed dogs in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' or the spider's web over the poor-box in the 'Rake's Progress.' But such hints as these, numerous as they are, are too scattered and accidental to form any reasonable basis of comparison. To find this we must go to the root of their work and of themselves, and we can scarcely begin better than by looking well at the portraits of these artists, each one painted by the artist with his own hand. Two points of similarity are perceptible at once; both are looking straight out of the canvas, not so much at you as at the world, and neither is alone—one has a dog, the other

two dogs. Certain points of dissimilarity are also very patent, both in the men and the dogs. On the one hand we have Hogarth's sturdy, uncompromising, almost truculent face, looking with keen, unsympathetic eyes upon the world and its ways, without a care or a thought as to what that world may think of him—its critic and satirist; like an artistic surgeon, ready with his brush, as with a knife, to cut into the "proud flesh" of society, or, as with a probe, to sound its wounds to the very vitals; while Trump, born cynic as he is, regards the same scenes with melancholy contempt. They are two against the world. On the other, Sir Edwin's pleasant, genial face has evidently found somewhere in the world some attractive object, to draw which shall please or amuse without causing pain or vexation to anybody. His face, like Hogarth's, is frank and full of confidence, but its frankness is undefiant, and his confidence not of the combative kind—a confidence somewhat complacent, indeed, in his own rich ability and power of pleasing; but yet, in

* Hogarth was apprenticed to a silversmith, Landseer's grandfather was a jeweller, and both their fathers were authors.

* Our woodcut is taken, by the kind permission of Messrs. Graves, from their engraving of the celebrated picture of 'The Connoisseurs,' in which the artist has represented himself as sketching with a dog looking over each shoulder.

spite of his complacency, the artist is so conscious of the opinion of the world at his back, that he humorously represents himself as exposed to the criticism even of his own dogs. The brush of this man is evidently no edged-weapon; it is soft, harmless camel's hair. And the dogs: they, like the dogs in all Hogarth's pictures and in all Landseer's, differ as their masters. Neither Landseer nor his dogs are against the world, but part of it. Unlike Trump, a kind of familiar spirit, sharing his master's opinions, sympathizing in his depreciatory views of the human race, almost capable, like Sidonia's black cat, of giving him a useful hint now and then, Landseer's collies, if familiar spirits in one sense, and perhaps devoted to him as their lord and master, have no implicit confidence in him, no bond of common character and purpose. Allies and friends, almost equals, they look upon him and themselves as belonging to the same world as the rest of created beings, all liable to error, which it is the especial duty of such intimate friends to point out.

Yet, despite these differences of character so traceable in the mere portraits of the men, there are also likenesses lying deeper even than the differences. Circumstances may have been, and, as I shall show presently, probably were, accountable for the great divergence of character shown by the two men on arriving

at manhood; but from the earliest time they had two properties of mind in common, which circumstances could never substantially alter, properties which are observable in their earliest as in their latest work, and clearly manifest (which is the present point) in these portraits of theirs. These are—1. Delight in humour; 2. Sympathy with animals.

Their humours, indeed, differed in temper as widely as they could, and were used for as different purposes. Hogarth's bitter, solitary, a scourge for the back; Landseer's kind and social, an incentive to laughter. The one so constant in its search for what was evil in the world, the other so on the alert for what was harmless, that the men (viewed in relation to their art only) may be distinguished, for sake of short antithesis, as an "ill-humorist" and a "good-humorist" respectively. Their love for animals was probably at first the natural love of children, but it afterwards, in relation to their art (of which more hereafter), differed as the poles. Nevertheless the initial resemblances are true, and though no man or woman who reads this needs to be informed that both these artists were humorists and fond of animals, few perhaps, in their regard for Hogarth, rate at its true value the intensity of his sympathy with dumb creatures, or in their estimation of Landseer his keen perception of the ridiculous in humanity. Here we must rest. So shifting



Hogarth and his Dog.

are the resemblances and differences between the two men, that it is difficult to find a point from which we can examine them with something like method and stability; but this is one—a small piece of ground indeed to stand upon and fix our instrument, but sufficient and firm—sympathy with animals and delight in humour. If we change humour into satire, or sympathy into love, we find Landseer so transcend Hogarth in fineness of sentiment, and Hogarth Landseer in intensity of ridicule, that comparison is impossible.

We must bear in mind one more fact, which may vitiate our deductions unless we make due allowance for it, viz. that Hogarth, in deadly earnest about everything he undertook, from satire to horse-play, emphasized his horror of cruelty to animals with far greater force than Landseer his ridicule of social absurdities; and then, taking the men as they were, one may fairly treat each as the complement of the other—the one a humorist with a strong sympathy for animals, the other an animal painter with a keen perception of humour.

We may either regard Hogarth from the Landseer point of view, or Landseer from the Hogarth. I propose to do both, giving the elder artist the precedence; and then, after considering Hogarth as an animal painter in relation to Landseer, look at Landseer as a humorist in relation to Hogarth. The use of two points of view will, I think, not only bring out with greater distinctness the somewhat delicate lights and shades of the comparison, but will also tend to remove any tinge of that odiousness which is supposed proverbially to belong to all comparisons. There is no standard of Art except Nature, and she will not show exactly the same face to any two of her admirers; we are, therefore, driven to perpetual attempts to form a standard by comparison between different artists, with results not always agreeable to both sides. If, however, each artist be viewed in turn in his most favourable light, any disadvantage to either is balanced as nearly as may be.

W. C. M.

SOME PORTRAITS AT LAMBETH PALACE.

THE visitor at the time-honoured residence of England's Archbishops, as he stands in the noble Guard-chamber, now used as the public Dining-hall, and contemplates the lineaments of that succession of more or less distinguished men who have risen to the primacy, should not forget that besides these there are in other parts of the Palace pictures of historical interest and value scarcely inferior to those which appear in this series. Here, indeed, are a genuine Holbein (Warham), a probable Piombo (Pole), an undoubted Van Dyke (Laud), a Kneller (Tillotson), a Hogarth (Herring) a Sir Joshua (Secker), a Dance (Cornwallis), a Romney (Moore), and others of later date. And, besides these, distributed over the private apartments are also a Gainsborough (Bishop Warren, of Bangor) a Beechey (Bishop Douglas, of Carlisle), a second by Sir Joshua (Bishop Newton, of Bristol), two more by Dance (Bishops Terrick, of London, and Thomas, of Winchester), and several more not unworthy of notice.

But here, again, are to be found other pictures, if of less value as works of Art, yet in no way devoid of historic interest, and it is to some of these we would now draw attention.

Over the mantelpiece in the further drawing-room hangs a painting which may undoubtedly claim precedence on the score of age. It represents the 'Four Fathers of the Western Church,' SS. Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory, grouped in pairs, occupying the foreground, while the dove in a halo of glory is descending and hovering over them, a thin, yet distinct thread of gold, like a ray of light, passing from the dove to the head of each of the four figures. It is painted on oak panel, which clearly marks it to be English work, though its style as clearly connects it with the Flemish school of Art of the fifteenth century. It no doubt originally formed the centre-piece of a triptych. The circumstances under which it first appeared at Lambeth are doubtful. This is one—the only one now remaining—of the three so-called "superstitious pictures" which furnished the ground for a charge of idolatry against Archbishop Laud.* In his defence he explained that he had had no hand in introducing the picture; he had found it in the gallery, where it was reported to have been placed by Cardinal Pole. Apparently on the strength of this statement, Ducarel, and those who have followed him, ascribe the original introduction of the picture to the Lambeth collection to the Cardinal, whereas the language of Laud may only mean that Pole had placed it himself in the gallery which he had recently erected over the cloisters,† not that it came then for the first time to Lambeth. Now it is worthy of notice that while the picture seems to bear an earlier date than the time of Pole, the subject of it would also suggest an earlier connection with the Palace. We read in Dr. Hook's "Life of Archbishop Chichely" that after he had completed the building of All Souls College at Oxford, he consecrated its chapel to the memory of these four saints, or "Latin Fathers." Is it then unreasonable to conjecture—for of course it can be only conjecture—that this picture may have been placed within the walls of the Palace by Chichely after he had reared the noble Tower (erroneously called the Lollards' Tower) which was undoubtedly his erection, and that thus this picture may possess

* The other two, as mentioned in the editorial foot-note by H. Wharton in the "History of the Troubles, &c., of Archbishop Laud," were the 'Ecce Homo,' Pilate leading forth Christ and presenting Him to the Jews; and an illustration of the Parable of St. John x. 1, 2, in which the Pope and a party of friars are represented as climbing up to get into the windows and over the walls of the sheepfold. The very spirit of this latter picture should, one would think, have carried its own refutation of the charge of any leaning to Papacy on the part of the Archbishop. Strange to say, all three pictures remained in the gallery, and escaped demolition at the hands of the regicides, Scott and Hardy; but these two have since disappeared, and all traces of them have been long lost.

† Cloisters and gallery were both taken down half a century ago.

the additional and special interest of being another relic of his refined and pious liberality?

Another picture, which hangs in the private dining-room, also deserves notice, and is worthy of being made the subject of some little historical research; it is beautifully engraved and coloured in Herbert and Brayley's "Lambeth." It is traditionally reputed to be a portrait of Katherine Parr; Ducarel so notes it, but calls it "a singular picture." It is certainly very little like any of the recognised extant portraits of that Queen, either in face, figure, or dress. It is younger and more handsome; there is nothing *petite* about it, an epithet currently applied to Katherine Parr; then the head-dress, high peaked, made of cloth of gold, richly ornamented, seems to belong to the times of the earlier Queens of Henry, whereas Katherine Howard and Katherine Parr are always represented in low, round, close-fitting velvet hoods, or caps of state. All these points seem to suggest the question whether this portrait was ever meant to represent the twice-widowed matron (though only thirty years of age) who consented to be the sixth consort of Henry VIII.

But another question now arises: if not, of whom is it the probable portrait? Passing to the adjoining parish church of Lambeth, we find a brass (engraved in Allen's "Lambeth," p. 116) evidently belonging to the earlier portion of the sixteenth century, which, according to an inscription that formerly existed there, represented a *Katherine Howard*, daughter of Sir John Broughton, of Luddington, Beds, and wife of Lord William Howard, the eldest son of the great Duke, Thomas, of Norfolk, High Treasurer, &c., by his second wife, Agnes, daughter of Hugh Tilney, Esq. This Lord William was afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Howard of Effingham. Now this brass, in features and head-dress, undoubtedly bears a striking resemblance to the picture in the Palace. This Katherine Howard died in 1535. Katherine Parr was not married to Henry VIII. till 1543, and the entire change in the character of the female head-dress took place during those intervening eight years.

Now this Lady Katherine Howard left an only daughter named Agnes. Lord William married again, and had a second family. When, in 1541-42, he and his wife were involved in the suspicion—which, however groundlessly, attached to every one who bore the name of Howard—of complicity with the misconduct of their ill-fated kinswoman, Lord William and his wife were disgraced and imprisoned for a time, leaving some infant children, four in number, no doubt including the daughter of the former wife. According to Miss Strickland, "the Council were greatly embarrassed what to do with them," as they were "thus rendered homeless," and at last consigned them to the care of Cranmer and others. The charge of one of these children being assigned to the Archbishop, the question suggests itself whether it was not the eldest, the child of the Lady Katherine; and if so, whether it was not more than probable that the portrait of her own mother should pass with the little orphan into Cranmer's charge, and that thus this picture was originally the likeness of the Lady Katherine; and that she, being a comparatively insignificant personage in history, might with the lapse of years have been confounded with a more famous Katherine, an active supporter of the Reformation, which fact suggests to Pennant a reason for the supposed likeness of Katherine Parr being in Lambeth Palace.

May it not be, then, that the reputed, but unlike, portrait of Katherine Parr was really the likeness of the Lady Katherine Howard, who was buried in Lambeth Church, and whose little daughter found a home in Lambeth Palace?



ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

BEHEADINGS, too, are here and there represented on ballad cuts, and with more or less pictorial or "stage" effect. A singularly good illustration, showing the "scaffold," the block, the masked headsman with axe, the armed guard, and the populace, occurs on the ballad of the "English Merchant," which, above all, illustrates in an admirable and marked manner the singular custom of a criminal, condemned to death, being saved from execution by being "begged" for marriage by some one willing thus to rescue him. This ballad (1594) recounts how, in a quarrel, the merchant had killed a man at Emden, for which he was "judg'd to lose his head." For his execution "A scaffold builded was," and all prepared, when

"Ten goodly maids did proffer him
For love to beg his life."

Having declined all these—

" . . . another Damsell cry'd
Sweet Headsman, hold thy hand!"

and proceeded to address her "plaint" to the merchant, declaring she will live and die with him.

"Then beg my life," quoth hee,
"And I will be thine owne!"

and they were at once married, and came home to England.

The choice between death and marrying—or, in the words of another writer, "between hanging and wiving;" or, still better, between halter and altar—has been the subject of many not very gallant allusions with our old poets; thus:—

"Of life and death nowe chuse thee—
There's the woman, here the gallows tree."

"Of bothe choyce, hard is the parte—
The woman is the worse—Drive on the carte!"

But enough of obsolete and other modes of punishment as illustrated by ballads. I now pass on to another very different class of "cuts"—those that are traceable to the very early engravers, and indeed may have possibly been previously used in some of the very rarest of our black-letter books, and those that illustrate some of the manners and customs of the people.

Fig. 47 is peculiarly interesting, both in the costume of the guests, in the arrangement of the table, and in the oddity of the hunchbacked servitor. It occurs on one of Martin Parker's ballads ("A New Medley; or, A Messe of All-together"), but is evidently very considerably older in point of date than his time. The same remark will apply to Fig. 45, from a black-letter ballad, "The Discontented Married Man." The ballad is of the time of Charles I., but the cut is probably a century older than that time. The cut Fig. 48, again, is admirable as



Fig. 54.—King Charles I.

showing how much we owe to the ballad-mongers for the preservation of long-past illustrations. The two signs of the Zodiac, Aries and Aquarius, tell their own tale, and the whole of the accessories are good: it is from the ballad "A Fayre Warning."

Numerous other instances of the use of very early woodcuts being brought into later use, a couple of centuries back, on the black-letter ballads of the time, occur; but it is not necessary



Fig. 55.—"Plotting Table."



Fig. 56.—From "The Triumphal Show" of Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

to burden this chapter with more examples. They are of intense interest, not only to the student of mediæval literature,

but to all who study the costumes, manners, customs, and home appliances of those times. Other cuts have a peculiar charm and value from the fact of their giving representations of

* Concluded from page 264.

customs now fallen into desuetude, but concerning which we come across so many pleasant records. The sport of dancing round the maypole several times occurs, and other games are far from unusual.

Funerals, with their attendant ceremonies, are now and then carefully depicted, and are extremely important as supplying links of knowledge to what we already possess as to "funeral garlands" and other pleasant observances. Fig. 52 has the

coffin of a virgin borne by maids in white, and on the pall is placed a funeral garland, emblematical of the purity and faithfulness of the deceased. The cut is taken from an early black-letter copy of "The Bride's Buriall," which recounts how a "lovely bride," attired "like Flora in her pride," died, through a sudden chill, on the morning of her nuptials.

This pathetic ballad is a valuable illustration of the custom of carrying or placing on the coffin funeral garlands.

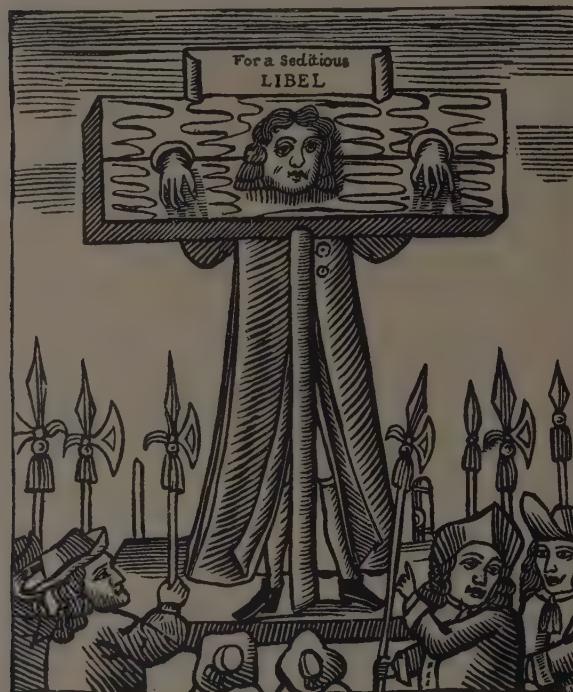


Fig. 57.—Captain Dangerfield in the Pillory.

"A Garland, fresh and faire,
of Lillies there was made,
In signe of her Virginity,
and on her Coffin laid."

The same cut occurs on another pathetically warning old ballad—"Two Unfortunate Lovers; or, A true Relation of the



Fig. 58.—"Whipping at the Cart's Tail."

Another very characteristic example occurs on the woodcut Fig. 53, where the pall is powdered with garlands. It is copied from "The Obsequy of faire Phillida," of nearly three centuries back. It occurs also, but without the grave-digger, on "The



Fig. 59.—The Stocks.

lamentable end of John True and Susan Mease," of Coventry, in Warwickshire, where again, as was usual,

"Six maids in white, as custome is,
did bring her to the grave;"

also on "The True Lover's Lamentation; or, The Damosel's Last Farewell."



Fig. 60.—Ancient Gallows.

Unconstant Lover's Cruelty: or, The Dying Damp'sell's dreadful Destiny;" and on an equally curious one, "The Young Man's Complaint: or Answer to the Damosel's Tragedy," referred to above, and quaintly described in the ballad itself—"a more killinger story" than the writer had ever before heard.

Examples of "funeral garlands"—the real garlands that

were once carried at the burial of village maidens—remain even yet in some of our rural churches, where, after the funeral, they have been suspended, and fortunately permitted to remain. Those who are curious in such matters will find engravings of some of these examples in *The Reliquary*, vol. i., where I have given a lengthy paper on the subject. How well Fig. 52 illustrates the lines from "The Maid's Tragedy" of 1610—

" Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, Willow-branches wear ; say I died trew :
My Love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth ;
Upon my buried body lie lightly, gentle earth ;"

and Shakspeare's words in *Hamlet*—

" Here she is allowed her virgin crants.*
Her maiden-strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial."



Fig. 61.—*Beheading and Quartering.*

Representations of various trades and occupations, sometimes very curious and always interesting, are to be found on ballad cuts. Thus on some we have the old-fashioned wooden printing press, worthy of Caxton or of Wynkyn de Worde, with the pair of balls for inking with, and all the formal and clumsy arrangements of the office in which the printers and their "P.D.'s" worked two and a half centuries ago; the barber and perru-

quier, with razor, shaving basin, wigs, and all; the typefounder, with his hand metal-pan, moulds, and tiny furnace; the shoemaker, "sticking to his last," seated on his bench with lapstone and hammer, "St. Hughe's bones" and leather, "tatchin ends," awls, and "cobbler's wax;" † the tinker, with his wallet of tools, his brazier, and a load of "kettles to mend;" the tailor—not one of the three famous Tooley Street worthies—cross-legged



Fig. 62.—*The Bagpipes.*



Fig. 63.—*Mother Shipton "Prophesying."*

on his shop-board, with needle, cloth, and shears, and the inevitable roll of "cabbage." These and other trades have been, thanks to the care of the old "wood cutter," admirably and strikingly represented on ballad cuts, and are eminently worthy of careful examination.

Beggars—the professional mendicant in those days being, if possible, almost as sturdy and dangerous a fellow as his modern prototype—form also the subject of many of the cuts, and some



Fig. 65.—*"The Pig-faced Lady."*

of them are of very early date. On Fig. 41—from "Money is

* *Crants* is a garland, crown of flowers, or wreath, such as we see represented laid on the coffin in this woodcut. Many ridiculous errors have been committed by various Shakspearian commentators regarding this simple word *crants*—Warburton absurdly substituting "chants," and others even "grants" and "pants!"

† "Hearke you, Shoemaker! have you all your toolies?—a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your foure sorts of aules, and your two balles of waxe, your pareing knife, your hand and thumb-leathers, and good Saint Hughes bones to smoothe vp your worke."—*Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600.

Master," and "A New Ballad showing the great misery sustained by a poore Man in Essex, his wife and children, with other strange things done by the Devil"—as Mr. Ebsworth says, the beggar "holds a large purse for small mercies." Another remarkable example is Fig. 51, of the year 1567. It is a double representation of Nicolas Blount in different attires. The first of the two figures shows him "when he goeth wyth the truncheon of a staffe, which staffe they call a Filtchman; this man is of so much authority, that meeting with any of his profession, he may cal them to accompt, and comand a share or snap vnto himselfe of al that they haue gained by their trade in one moneth; and if he doo them wrong, they haue no remedy agaynst hym, no though he beate them, as hee vseth comonly to doo. . . . He hath ye chiefe place at any market walke and other assemblies, and is not of any to be controled." The other figure shows this same Nicolas Blount (who, I believe, was an offshoot of a very celebrated family of that name) dressed up as a professional "sick-man," a "counterfeit cranke" passing under the name of Nicolas Genynges, and made up with swathes, bandages, and cordings, to excite sympathy and gain unmerited alms.

Conjurors, mountebanks, "prophecyers" or "prognosticators," adepts in feats of legerdemain, fortune-tellers, and other disciples

of the occult sciences, jesters, "Tom-a-bedlams," and other strange characters, as well as monstrosities of every conceivable kind—each and all came in for a share of fame under the engraver's hands, and find food for us for deep thought and for comparison at the present hour. Fig. 63 shows "Mother Shipton," the famous fortune-teller and "prognosticator," plying her vocation.

On another ballad, in the Bagford collection, are three small woodcuts side by side, which convey in a humorous manner some "sly hits" at the astrologers and "wise men" of the day. The ballad is entitled "The Country-Man's Kalender, or, His Astrological Predictions for the ensuing year 1692." It has a verse of simple truisms devoted to each month, and is a take-off of the "Prophetic Messengers" of that time.

Then again, for representations of the musical instruments in use two or three centuries back, one readily turns to ballad cuts, and there finds better and more reliable figures of their forms and the modes of playing upon them than any other series of engravings presents. The pipe, such as the *Damons* and other "gentle shepherds" and "rural swains" played upon to their sweethearts and flocks; the bagpipes of the stroller; the fiddle of the street and the alehouse; the guitar of the female ballad singer; the lute of the enamoured swain; the drum of the "nine



Fig. 64.—Edward Coleman drawn on the Hurdle to Execution, 1768.

days' wonder" men and of the military; the trumpet of the civic functionary, or of the soldiery; the hand bells of the cloister; indeed, almost every musical instrument of the day that one has been accustomed to read of in the productions of the old writers, has its representation in one form or other in ballad cuts, and thus to them one is indebted for almost priceless knowledge on the subject of their history.

Nay, it is not too much to say, in conclusion, that there is scarcely a subject in the whole range of inquiry into the habits, the manners, the customs, the costumes, the sentiments, the home life, or the surroundings of the people of our own country, during the periods over which ballad lore extends, that they, and the cuts with which they are "adorned," do not in some way or other tend to illustrate.

In many instances the woodcuts have evidently, and with remarkable fidelity, been specially made to illustrate real events or allusions contained in the verses with which they are printed, but in a much larger number they have not even the remotest

connection with the matter of the ballad. The old-fashioned printer, with his lumbering wooden press and his ink-balls, kept by him a more or less extensive store of woodcuts, got together from any source, and many of them cracked, broken, and worm-eaten with age, and he placed these hap-hazard at the head of the "broadsheet," or on the title-page of the "garland," simply to add to the beauty and attractiveness of his productions, and to insure for them a reader and more extended sale; and to this it is that we owe the preservation of impressions of very many "blocks" that had previously been used in the very earliest of our printed books, and which, but for the care of the ballad-monger, would have been for ever lost to us.

And so, in principle, it is in our own day. The cuts done specially for one publication do duty for another, and even, after a time, find their way into the offices of a modern "Catnach," or a "Pitt of Seven Dials," and are used—especially portraits—for anything or anybody that is wanted.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

SOME OHIO HOUSES.

THE Ohio home of President RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES is situated in Fremont, a pleasant, thriving town in the vicinity of Lake Erie, and is known as "Spiegel Grove." The house, standing in the centre of some thirty densely-wooded acres, is reached by a winding carriage-drive, roofed with the interlaced boughs and branches of slender trees, which, when gay with foliage, effectually inter-

cept the sun's rays, as also no insignificant portion of their reflected light. It was the darkness, together with the traditional ghost originally pervading this picturesque domain, that gave it the name of "Spiegel Grove."

The dwelling of the sketch was built by Sardis Birchard, the uncle and the devoted guardian (through his youthful years) of our present Chief Magistrate. Mr. Birchard was a man of extensive culture, of artistic tastes, of great practical force of character, and



The Ohio Home of President Hayes.

of highest social and benevolent qualities. He lived unmarried, and in the course of a long life amassed a large property, which President Hayes inherited. He was active in the public and corporate works in Northern Ohio—works for the improvement of navigation, of vessel-building, of the Western Reserve, and of the Maumee road, a national work; also in the building of the Toledo, Norwalk and Cleveland Railway, of which he was the main support at the beginning. In 1851 he became one of a banking firm that, in 1863, merged into the First National Bank of Fremont, to which town he gave a public park in 1871; and in 1873 he be-

stowed upon the same community fifty thousand dollars in the form of a public library. He also gave seven thousand dollars toward the building of the Presbyterian church in Fremont, and liberally aided the other church organisations. He was a lover of Art, and left a gallery of pictures to President Hayes, including works by some of the best American and modern French and German painters.

Immediately surrounding the house, trees have given place to handsome lawns and smiling gardens, with the exception of a few superb oaks and hemlocks, which have been left standing in pairs

with charming effect. Upon three sides of the edifice are broad verandas, the posts of which are adorned with honeysuckle and Wisteria-vines; the spacious flower-gardens are to the right, reaching off in a westerly direction, the beds laid out in crosses, curves, half-moons, diamonds, and other unique designs, and blossoming in the bright summer days with violets and roses, and all the pretty vagaries of the floral kingdom. Choice shrubs of a great variety of descriptions vary the scene, while just beyond grape-arbours, strawberry-patches, currant, raspberry, and other bushes, and peach, plum, pear, apple, and cherry trees, are the signs of promise to such guests as dote on the fine fruit of Ohio. A quaint little resting-spot among the garden beauties is "Boffin's Bower," over which woodbine creeps in its own sweet way, and roses of many varieties nod their blushing heads wherever there is a chance to

peep through the vines upon the romance-inspired occupants of the seats within. Not far from this bewitching bower is an old-fashioned pump—an object sufficiently picturesque to be stolen by an artist and planted in the front walk. The mansion is large and comfortable. The parlour opens to the right of the broad entrance-hall, which leads to the family sitting-room. Both these apartments are appropriately furnished, and the walls are hung with rare and interesting paintings. A large sleeping-room opens out of the sitting-room. Beyond these rooms, separated by a hall running across the house from east to west, with doors leading to the verandas—and in which an antique New England clock ticks circumspectly—is a well-appointed dining-room, sufficiently ample in its dimensions for the accommodation of a large household. The kitchens are upon the same floor. Still farther on is a Gothic



Residence of the Hon. William S. Groesbeck.

building, of which a glimpse is given in the sketch, designed for an office, but connected so as to form a part of the main edifice.

The second story is divided into seven apartments, three of which are filled with valuable books. The library of Mr. Birchard is in front, directly over the parlour, and remains chiefly as he left it at his death, which occurred a few years since; it contains some of his favourite pictures, one of which is a Paul Weber. Two good-sized apartments beyond are devoted to the private library of President Hayes. They are crowded with works of a substantial and instructive character upon innumerable topics, and it is noticeable that those which seem to have been the most read are the volumes whose substance is of vastly greater importance than their form. There is abundant evidence among these tomes of the President's love of metaphysics; and the department of history is especially full, embracing nearly all the important works of American history, and apparently everything that has been

written about the great sovereign State of Ohio, which honoured him in many ways, not least among which was the choosing of him Governor for the third time in 1875, after a campaign in which the chief issue was resumption or inflation.

There is an atmosphere of quiet comfort, of cultivated tastes, and of self-respectful independence, about "Spiegel Grove" which is strictly in keeping with the nature of the philanthropic founder of this rural home; and the winds, in their fitful breathings, seem to whisper of loving hearts, who choose to preserve the legacy in the same general style as when the venerated uncle was its master.

ELMHURST, the villa of Hon. William S. Groesbeck, occupies a thickly wooded eminence upon the bank of the curving Ohio, in the charming suburb of Cincinnati known as Walnut Hills. The grounds comprise some twenty-five acres, stocked with almost

every variety of the elm and the oak, some of which are of immense size; also with the beech, the ash, the poplar, the sugar-maple, and some of the oldest lindens in the country. Nothing but an imposing gateway, with a broad avenue disappearing among the trees, can be seen from the street. The mansion is very large, with a solidity of aspect which promises to resist the wear of centuries, and is finished and decorated with severe elegance. It is built of blue limestone—one of the products of Ohio which seems to be shooting from the soil into all manner of beautiful dwellings. The entrance is grand and effective. From the vestibule we pass over a marble floor into a great central hall, reaching to the roof—with balconies bordering each story—from which all the numerous rooms of the edifice apparently open. To the left of the entrance is a reception-room, which opens into handsomely furnished draw-

ing-rooms; to the right is a large well-filled library, the windows of which look out upon the covered veranda shown in the sketch. Beyond the library is a spacious and handsome dining-room, with a bay-window that affords entrancing glimpses of the Ohio River through the foliage. Beyond this is a cosey breakfast-room. The gallery devoted to paintings and statuary, containing choice and valuable works of Art, is directly in front of the main entrance, at the remote end of the house, and is reached by a few gentle steps from the central hall. The chambers are delightfully arranged, every window possessing its own individual vista and picturesque view. In the third story is a billiard-room, and also a private chapel.

Mr. Groesbeck is a man of elegant leisure, save the care of his property, and of literary and scholarly tastes. He inherited wealth



Residence of Henry Probasco.

from his father, one of the early citizens of Cincinnati, and he married a lady of wealth. Mrs. Groesbeck is a daughter of the late Judge Jacob Burnet, one of the founders of the city of Cincinnati and one of the framers of the State Constitution of Ohio, and the granddaughter of Dr. William Burnet, of Newark, New Jersey, Surgeon-General of the American army in the Revolution—a descendant of the celebrated English prelate Bishop Burnet. Mr. Groesbeck devotes his leisure chiefly to books, and is an attentive observer of current political events. He is a lawyer, but has not applied himself to practice at the bar. In the large sense, he is a public man. He occupied a seat in Congress during Buchanan's Administration, and subsequently was elected to the Senate of Ohio. He gained national reputation by his argument as counsel for President Andrew Johnson in the impeachment trial. He has recently been a delegate to the International Coinage Conference at Paris by appointment of President Hayes.

It has been truthfully said that no inland city in the world sur-

passes Cincinnati in the beauty of its suburbs. This great, prosperous corporation of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants (not yet one hundred years old) lies on a natural plateau some twelve miles in circumference, bisected by the gleaming, winding Ohio River, entirely surrounded by hills three hundred feet in height, forming one of the most striking natural amphitheatres to be found anywhere. The magnitude and costliness of the villa residences which crown these tree-inclustered, picturesque, and enchanting heights, so astonished the Duke of Newcastle's party a few years since—one of whom was the Prince of Wales—that they pronounced the whole combination of landscape and dwelling the finest they had ever seen. Walnut Hills is five miles from the heart of Cincinnati, and includes a wide extent of territory. The Grandin Road, one of the most celebrated drives in this section, runs along the undulating bluff of the Ohio, and is lined with all styles of architectural achievement—chiefly of stone. Each mansion stands in the midst of extensive and highly cultivated grounds.

brilliant with flowers. The sequestered nooks of Avondale are a perpetual charm, and the enticing homes as thick as the stars in a moonless sky.

THE villa of Henry Probasco is the most famous of any within the wilderness of villas which crown the lovely hills of Clifton—which is somewhat nearer Cincinnati than Avondale. Mr. Probasco was the donor of the great bronze fountain which adorns Cincinnati, and of which all the world has heard. He is said to have been fifteen years in designing and building his home, which stands in the midst of twenty-seven acres, in the highest state of cultivation, containing shrubs and plants, as well as shade-trees, imported from every part of the habitable globe. The entrance to the grounds is through the finest gateway of wrought-iron in America, with exquisitely executed ornaments of oak leaves and acorns;

the workmen are said to have been occupied for three years on this alone.

The architecture of the dwelling is Norman, and the material of which it is constructed is blue limestone from the Ohio quarries. The tower is round, and sufficiently ample in its dimensions for the accommodation of a tea-party of fifty persons. The entrances are upon two sides, and through magnificent stone porches with Norman arches, that in front being the one shown in our sketch. It is impossible for the mind to conceive a more harmonious and inviting interior than opens upon the visitor after passing the portals. Every room is a separate study. The walls are all wainscoted with the white oak of Ohio combined with the red cedar of Tennessee, highly polished and embellished with the most exquisite carvings—the designs, embracing the poke, the thistle, and the oak-leaf; the carved wood about the bay-window in the



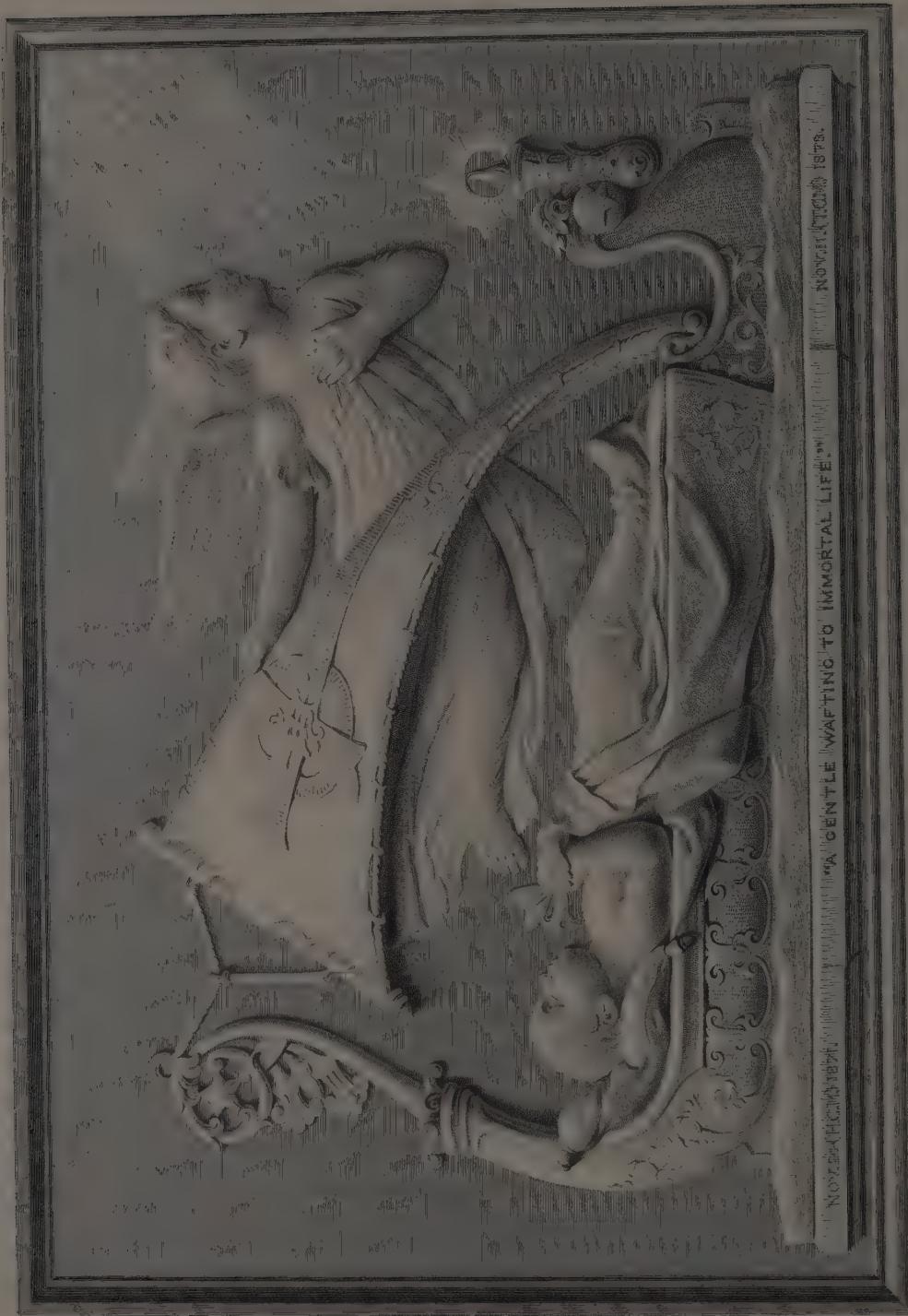
Ohio Residence of Chief-Justice Noah H. Swayne.

parlour represents a trailing honeysuckle. The ceilings were painted by artists brought from Italy. All the chandeliers are of pure bronze in *cloisonné* enamel.

The furniture of the house was modelled with special reference to its architectural features, and is of exceptionally fine workmanship. Expensive pictures are upon every side. Upon a carved easel of white oak rests an exquisite landscape by Rousseau, which you admire, leaning upon a piano with a satin embroidered cover. You are doubtless in the parlour, although the whole house strikes you as one enormous picture-gallery; and marbles, mosaics, and gems of art in a thousand forms, greet you everywhere. Now your eye falls upon a glass mosaic table from Venice, with ebony and mosaic pedestal, designed and executed by Salviati, the Venetian professor; and presently you are studying a circular table in Roman mosaic, three or more yards in diameter, illustrating 'Petrarch's Triumph of Love,' which rests upon a superb carved-oak pedestal. Turning from these you are confronted by an elegant painting by Hugues Merle, 'The Woman and the Secret;' in the same vicinity is a painting by Riefstahl, called 'The Swiss Peasants.' Other paintings of interest near by are 'Elizabeth and Frederick of Bohemia receiving News of the Loss of the Battle of

Prague,' and 'Clorinda delivering the Martyrs,' the last being from the brush of Ferdinand Victor Eugène.

One of the many Art-curiosities in the grand entrance-hall (sixteen by seventy feet) is a large Roman mosaic picture, five feet long. Still more interesting is an art-clock designed for the house, in bronze and niello, the face and figures in ivory. Some *verd-antique* pedestals, from Cardinal Tosti's palace at Rome, divide attention with a pair of Sicilian jasper tables, antiques from Palermo. An exquisite porphyry gem cabinet, with silver drawers and gilt-bronze ornaments, is hardly examined before you turn to observe pedestals in Egyptian red granite, in Algerian marble, in porphyry, and in Gregorian marble; while vases of mediæval ivory, of *cloisonné* enamel, of Sèvres ware with serpent-handles, and one, a Spanish vase of iron, damascened with gold and silver, break upon your view. A green porphyry vase and stand are petted by their owner from the fact that they cannot be duplicated. The mosaics are perhaps the most remarkable of these various and costly collections, the house containing, aside from its pictures and other mosaic treasures, not less than thirteen superb mosaic tables of different varieties, each one of which would be esteemed a masterpiece of beauty, and sufficient to adorn a modest home.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

BY J. H. MILLER. ILLUSTRATED. 12 MO. 50 CENTS. NEW YORK: J. H. MILLER.

The library is rich with rare books and illuminated manuscripts. There are one hundred editions of the Bible, in costly and unique bindings; one copy was printed in 1480, another in 1589; still another copy is bound in silver, at an expense of one thousand dollars. Here are also numerous copies of Shakespeare, Dante, the Aldine and Elzevir classics; three hundred or more volumes printed upon vellum; specimens of the earliest printing; works formerly owned by illustrious personages; examples of bindings of early Italian and French workmanship, in leather, mosaic, niello, bronze, and ivory; three hundred volumes of the most beautiful etchings in existence; engravings, and other artistic productions, in countless numbers; and richly illustrated modern works of great cost. The library-table is a specimen of fine carving; a work of art in itself, as is also the sideboard in the dining-room; the ceiling of the apartment is elegantly frescoed, and the woodwork displays the choicest of carving, the designs all drawn from Nature. The staircase is broad, and also elaborately carved, while its walls are hung with paintings of the first excellence. One of these is by the great German artist, Kaulbach, and has been valued at twenty thousand dollars.

It was the son-in-law of Kaulbach, August von Kreling, of Nuremberg, who made some drawings of a fountain in which he symbolised the manifold uses and benefits of water to man, without using any of the trite emblems of heathen mythology, and these proved to be substantially the plan for which Mr. Probasco was in search while in Europe in 1866. The admirable conception of the artist was elaborated with the most generous strength and the finest delicacy, by Fritz von Müller, under the direction of Mr. Probasco, at a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars in gold. It was completed, placed in the centre of a broad esplanade extending from street to street, and shaded with trees, henceforward known as Probasco Place, and formally presented to the city of Cincinnati, with appropriate exercises, October 6, 1871.

The good taste of Mr. Probasco, so notable in the appointments of his home, and so conspicuously immortalised in the monument of his munificence, is displayed throughout his domain. Upon the grounds are Kiss's 'Amazon,' in bronze; 'Sans-Souci,' by Ives; 'The Reading Girl,' by Megin; 'Ruth,' by Rogers; and other fine marbles. The view from the villa forms a splendid panorama; the valley, two hundred feet below, seems like a thing of life with its lines of railway-tracks, its ever-moving trains, its trees and avenues, and its lovely slopes and hills. The conservatory is one of the felicities of the place; and the rosarium contains four thousand roses, besides variegated leaf-plants.

THE former residence of Noah H. Swayne, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, is situated in the city of Columbus, Ohio, less than half a mile from the State-House. It is built of brick, and is solid, substantial, and slightly antique. Its apartments are spacious as well as numerous, the edifice extending

to a considerable depth in the rear. The drawing-rooms are upon the right of the entrance, and a reception-room or library to the left; in the rear of the latter is a large family parlour, with a veranda looking off upon the cultivated grounds which has been the favourite seat for the Governor-residents of the house and their guests from time to time.

Soon after the appointment of Judge Swayne by President Lincoln, in February, 1862, a Justice of the Supreme Court, he removed his family from Columbus to Washington, and his Ohio home became indeed a gubernatorial mansion. It was occupied from January, 1866, until January, 1868, by Governor Jacob D. Cox, afterwards Secretary of the Interior. President Hayes was the next Governor of Ohio, and he lived in this mansion nearly all of his term of office. After him Governor Edward F. Noyes was inducted into office, and took up his abode in this commodious dwelling, residing here from January, 1872, to January, 1874. In size, situation, and arrangement, the house was admirably adapted for the convenience of these distinguished officials. The dining-room, beyond the double drawing-rooms, is a large, cheerful apartment, seemingly invested with a stilly governing atmosphere, as if the spirit of the numerous Governors whose voices have echoed from its walls had been left in charge for the benefit of future potentates. The extensive grounds are well laid out, and are alive with choice shrubs and bright-coloured flowers; while fine old trees in great profusion adorn the outskirts.

Judge Swayne was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1804. He was the youngest of the five children of Joshua Swayne, a descendant of Francis Swayne, one of the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania. His father died in 1808, and he was trained into manhood by his mother, a lady of marked vigour of mind and excellence of character. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar before he was twenty, settling in Ohio. In 1829 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, and soon after was appointed United States Attorney for Ohio, removing to Columbus, where the courts were held. In 1832 he married Miss Sarah Ann Wager, of Harper's Ferry, Virginia, who with other property inherited a number of slaves. These, by the joint wishes of both Mr. and Mrs. Swayne, were at once manumitted. During his residence in the mansion of the sketch he was engaged in many important legal controversies, and devoted his energies with great zeal to the establishment of asylums—serving as a trustee for many years in that for the Blind, for the Deaf and Dumb, and for Lunatics, all of which have been so admirably conducted in Ohio.

The accuracy and erudition of his judicial labours have been widely appreciated. Every occupation and vicissitude of his life has been accompanied and sustained by enthusiastic study of ancient and modern literature, and general information. As a recognition of the studies of a lifetime the degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him by Yale, Dartmouth, and Marietta Colleges.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A SPANISH WORKMAN.

(Frontispiece.)

Engraved from the Picture by J. JIMENEZ Y ARANDA.

ODERN Spanish Art, even as developed in the highest class of subjects, differs very widely from that practised by Murillo, Velasquez, and their compatriots. Ford, in his "Handbook of Spain," denounces, and not without a degree of virulence, every work issuing from the Madrid Academy, which, he says, "has too often been the hotbed of jobs, and the nurse of mediocrities: ostensibly founded to restore expiring Art, its duty has been that of an undertaker to put up a hatchment. The spirit of ancient Spanish national Art is fled; everything is borrowed; there is neither high Art nor originality;

the best modern pictures are but *médiocrités*." These remarks, however, in no way apply to *genre* subjects and such works as the ideal portrait of a Spanish *ouvrier*, given in this number of the *Art Journal*. Most of the pictures painted by Leon y Escosura, Gisbert, R. de Madrazo, L. and J. Jimenez, and others, and especially their water-colour works, are rich in pomp and display of what may be termed drawing-room and boudoir finery, curtains, robes, costume, and ornaments of every kind, furniture, &c., painted with a free and luxurious pencil, and with the most brilliant and vivid colouring.

The 'Spanish Workman,' here engraved, is, in its way, typical of the Art which has now become fashionable and in good odour with a large class of amateurs. In his rough but picturesque costume, and his bold and independent demeanour, the man is a capital study, and were his *build* somewhat lighter than it is, he would look as if he could be transformed into a first-class *matador* without much training.

VAN AMBURGH AND THE LIONS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE GALLERY OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., &c., &c.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter. A. C. ALAIS and W. J. ALAIS, Engravers.

OUR readers will no doubt, equally with ourselves, consider that both they and we owe a debt of gratitude to the illustrious owner of this famous picture for the permission to engrave it. Painted for the late Duke, it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1847, and shows the "lion-tamer," as Van Amburgh was called, as he used to appear with his animals on the boards of the London theatres, when the creatures were confined within the limits of a strongly barred cage of iron. Van Amburgh is habited in a kind of costume after the fashion of an ancient Roman; he holds in his right hand a small whip, the only weapon he was accustomed to use on these occasions to defend himself against any attack the animals might be tempted to make upon him, though, so far as our recollection of Van Amburgh's performances serves us, there was never any or much danger attending them, so thorough was the subjection to which he had reduced the naturally savage hearts, and that too, as was generally understood, without the exercise of anything deserving of the name of cruelty. The lion, a noble animal, has raised himself against the bars of the cage, with his mouth partly open; behind him is the lioness, crouching down, with her eyes fixed upon her master with an intensity almost indescribable, yet with a mildness that is absolutely beautiful; so too is the face of the leopard beyond. The lioness, the texture of whose skin is a masterly piece of artistic handling, is, conjointly with the face of the leopard, the triumph of the picture, from the expression thrown into them. On the right of the "tamer" is a

splendid tiger growling at its companions, and in the rear is a young leopardess. In the front of the cage, on the floor of the stage, are several objects not altogether disassociated from theatrical success or theatrical amusements—a bouquet of flowers, a wreath of laurel, a play-bill, pieces of orange-peel, &c. Landseer never painted animal portraiture more naturally and beautifully than in this composition, while even the human figure harmonizes with the subject.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

Engraved by W. Roffe, from the Sculpture by F. M. Miller.

THIS sculptural composition was exhibited at the London Royal Academy in 1877: it purported to present 'Portraits of Theodore and Herbert, the deceased infant children of J. J. Mellor, Esq., of the Woodlands, Whitefield, Manchester.' It was the object of the sculptor to represent the elder of the brothers, Herbert, who died first, "on the angelic mission of conducting the younger over the 'sea of bliss': " as Milton says, in

" A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life."

The general idea of this design is eminently poetic, and the sentiment or feeling is immensely heightened by the elaborate enrichments introduced into every part of the work where they could be made available with any degree of propriety. All these are in perfect harmony with the leading conception, although objection may perhaps be made to them by some, on the plea that such ornamental work should have no place amid the simplicity that seeks to dignify monumental sculpture.

ART IN PARIS.



HE world of Art in Paris is well-nigh as deserted as is the world of fashion in summer. The studios are closed, the artists are away reposing themselves or sketching beside the sea or amid the forests; the picture-dealers yawn listlessly amid a selection of works from the late *Salon*; there are no exhibitions open, and the seeker after Art must perforce refresh his memory with the pictures in the Louvre or the last additions to the Luxembourg.

A prominent exception to this universal rule of indolence or absence is to be found at the studio of M. Cabanel. "I wholly disapprove," said to me that great artist, "of the universal custom now so general among artists of going away on a summer vacation. Summer is indeed the season most favourable for a painter's work. The long days and abundant light are best suited to his requirements. If he needs repose he should take it in the winter, and seek a more genial climate in the south of France or in Italy." As the painter spoke, he was surrounded by pictures in various states of completion, and he had evidently only laid down his pencil in order to grant me an audience. He was then engaged on a *replica* of one of his own portraits, that of a young Hungarian lady who had died shortly after the termination of the sittings. There was something queenly in the pale face beneath its crown of dark hair, that yet bore in its every line the traces of fragile health and suffering. She had been painted in a purple robe, bordered with dark fur, and made with loose, hanging sleeves. The background of a golden hue threw out into full relief the violet-clad figure, and pallid, stately head with its stamp of individuality and character. M. Cabanel has also just put the finishing touches to a singularly fine portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackey, the beautiful wife of the Bonanza king. It is a three-quarters length, and is an admirable likeness, no less than a striking work of Art. The lady wears a dress of rich crimson brocade with frontage of pale pink satin, the whole relieved by a bordering of antique lace; that at the back of the square-cut corsage stands up after the fashion of a ruff. The lovely head is slightly turned towards the

spectator over the left shoulder, and the pencil of the courtly artist, the painter *par excellence* of social elegance and refined beauty, has reproduced to perfection the exquisite transparency of the great sapphire-blue eyes, the graceful poise of the head, and the delicate outline of the fine and expressive features. The pose is of the simplest, yet replete with the natural grace of the original. She stands half turned away, with her hands clasped lightly together, and pendent before her. The finely-moulded arms are bare from the shoulder, and the small interwoven hands are painted as Cabanel alone knows how to paint those dainty feminine members, rose-tipped, delicate, and full of character. As the artist himself says, there is as much expression and individuality in the hand as in the mouth or eyes, and it is a point too often neglected by even the most renowned of painters. Take for example the hands of the beauties of the court of Charles II. at Hampton Court. Sir Peter Lely has painted them all in the same smooth and meaningless fashion, and the shrewish Lady Castlemaine clutches her spear with fingers as weak and characterless as those wherewith the Duchess of Portsmouth holds up her drapery, or Nell Gwynne caresses her lamb. The background of this fine portrait is after the style which Bonnat has rendered popular, simply a flat, dusky expanse. Very fine too, though but half finished, is the portrait of Mrs. Mackey's mother, Mrs. Hungerford. Like that of Mrs. Mackey, it is a three-quarters length. The lady stands turning her full face towards the spectator. The noble-looking head shows beautiful with a dignified and matronly beauty beneath the silvery hair that is raised above the brow *à la Marie Antoinette*. The dress is of black, with a bordering of dark fur. The arms are crossed lightly over the breast, and the calm blue eyes meet the gaze of the spectator with the benevolent and kindly expression that those acquainted with the original know so well. Neither lady wears a single ornament—not even a flower.

Mr. Healy, the most popular and successful of our American portrait-painters, has just left Paris for a six months' sojourn in the United States. He will be greatly missed, no less in our social than in artistic circles here, his amiable and genial character being

as fully appreciated as his artistic talent. He left behind him a number of recently completed works. One of these is a peculiarly fine portrait of M. de Lesseps. To come thus into competition with the powerful talent of M. Bonnat, whose noble portrait of the same gentleman was fully described in a late number of the *Art Journal*, was an act of no small daring. The event has proved that daring often conquers success. The head of the great canal-projector is one of the finest pieces of work that has yet proceeded from Mr. Healy's practised brush. He stands erect, pointing with one hand to the Isthmus of Panama on a map of the two Americas which is held up before him by one of his acolytes. The likeness is said to be even more satisfactory to the family than was that of the portrait of Bonnat. M. de Lesseps is now seventy-six years of age. Ten years ago he espoused a beautiful girl of eighteen, and he is now the happy father of seven charming children. One day the whole family came to Mr. Healy's studio to see the portrait. M. de Lesseps was then giving the painter a sitting, and as his fair wife and children gathered around him, the group thus formed was peculiarly picturesque and interesting. Mr. Healy is engaged on a portrait of Madame de Lesseps, which promises to be as successful as is that of her spouse. It is a small-sized full length, representing this strikingly handsome lady seated in a chair attired in a close-fitting dress of cream brocade. The head, with its peculiar type of beauty—the broad, low brow under its heavy, overhanging masses of dark hair, the black expressive eyes, and general stamp of weird originality—is exceedingly well painted. Among his American portraits, Mr. Healy showed me one of a brilliant, rose-flushed blonde, the daughter of a recent Governor of Kentucky. This portrait is one of those that the genial artist calls his "great-grandchildren," he having painted not only the young lady's father, but her grandfather as well, the latter having been a former minister from the United States at the court of St. James. Then he has also recently finished a very admirable portrait of Mrs. Colonel Lay, the wife of the great torpedo-inventor, who is now in St. Petersburg. The lady, who is fair and youthful-looking, has been painted in the costume of Mary Queen of Scots, which she wore at a fancy ball last winter. The black-velvet coif bordered with pearls, the velvet robe slashed with white satin, and turned back at the opening of the corsage with white satin *revers*, the puffed sleeves clasped with pearls, the high ruff and floating veil, make up a highly picturesque *ensemble*, and one that will never look antiquated or absurd as the fashions of the day are apt to do. Another very striking portrait was that of Mrs. Colonel M—, holding in her arms her infant daughter. The baby, a very model of cherubic loveliness, is represented in a loose, short garment of white cambric and lace, that shows off the dimpled, rosy limbs to perfection. The mother's face wears an intent expression of rapt maternal devotion. Her dress of black silk, adorned with knots of scarlet ribbon and ruffles of white lace, forms a dainty background for the pretty little creature that she holds erect in a standing posture upon her knee.

Eugène Lambert has recently finished one of his charming groups of cats, which is now on exhibition at Goupil's. It represents a sage mother-cat, large, sharp-nosed, and soft-furred, coiled up in a work-basket, her white and tawny fur set off by a mass of pink worsted, which, with two long wooden knitting-needles, shows at the side of the basket. On the table beside Mrs. Puss's comfortable nest, two little grey-and-white kittens are at play. One of them has just received a cuff of undue violence from its companion, and is wrinkling up its nose with that piteous expression that a small, aggrieved kitten always wears when mewling forth its complaints. This little scene of feline life is deliciously painted, and is rendered with all the fine appreciation of cat nature and characteristics which their chosen delineator always displays. At Goupil's, too, is to be seen a picture by Lemaître, which figured at the last *Salon*, but which escaped the notice that it merited by being ill hung. It is called 'A Poem in Three Cantos,' and is divided into three sections, after the manner of a triptych. In the first is seen a lonely city street. An old man with one leg is grinding an organ, while before him stands a poorly-clad child, pale and pretty, with golden hair, who is singing some plaintive ballad. The second section shows us a brilliantly-lighted concert-stage, on which stands the quondam street-singer, now grown to womanhood, and opening wide her mouth in the agonies of vocalisation. She does not look like an artiste of any lofty calibre. Her pink

gown is gay and tawdry, and her gestures and attitude are full of affectation. Then comes scene the last—the street again—a haggard old woman in a battered bonnet and shabby gown, accompanying her cracked and feeble notes by strumming on an old guitar as she stands before the closed windows of a lordly mansion.

The new ceiling of the renovated Comédie Française has attracted much attention in the Art-world since that classic theatre reopened its doors. It must be confessed that the able artist charged with the execution of this important work has acquitted himself nobly of his difficult task. M. Mazerolle is, indeed, one of the most noted and successful of the decorative artists of France. His designs for the finer productions of the manufactory of the Gobelins are celebrated, particularly his *Selené* (a charming figure of Diana using the crescent moon for a bow, and launching a moonbeam in the guise of an arrow into the air). Nor have his designs for the panels in Gobelin tapestry for the refreshment-room of the Grand Opéra—a series of figures, each representing some form of refreshment, such as tea, coffee, ice, pastry, wine, &c.—been less remarked or less admirable. The choice of M. Penin, himself a painter of merit, could hardly have been better directed. The work assigned to M. Mazerolle presented peculiar difficulties. He did not have before him a surface of a regular contour, on which to group his personages. He had neither to cover with his designs a concave dome, nor yet a flat, square ceiling. The ceiling of the Comédie Française is in shape the half of a long oblong. Moreover, it is broken in the centre by an opening of a semicircular form, which is destined to receive the chandelier. It can thus readily be understood how great were the difficulties presented by such an outline. M. Mazerolle has surmounted these difficulties with singular dexterity. His design, though forming a complete and homogeneous whole, is nevertheless divided into two distinct portions. At the lower part, that immediately above the orchestra, France enthroned offers crowns of gold and laurel to her three great dramatists—Molière, Racine, and Corneille; while the principal personages of the plays of the former are grouped below on a sort of terrace. The characters of Corneille and of Racine are seen higher up, continuing the design towards the semicircular space above the chandelier, where, amid sun-tinged clouds, Apollo presides over the garlanded dance of the Muses, while Pegasus is seen in triumphant flight in the background. The figures show against a background of blue sky of an exceeding delicacy of tone and much aerial depth and transparency. Some idea of the magnitude and importance of the work may be derived from the fact that it contains over one hundred figures, and covers a surface of some twenty square yards. The preliminary sketches made for it by M. Mazerolle are one hundred and fifty in number, comprising sparate groups, single figures, &c., worked out with much thoughtful accuracy. The accomplished artist has not failed to pay a delicate compliment to the presiding divinity of the temple that he was called upon to decorate. In the Racinian group is to be found 'Hermione repulsing Andromache,' and he has lent to the touching image of the Trojan widow the traits of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, as well as the black draperies which she adopted, contrary to tradition, when 'Andromache' was last revived at the Théâtre Français.

Mr. Wilhelm Schaus, so well known in the Art-world of the United States, has sailed for home, taking with him a collection of pictures of the highest artistic merit, which will soon be shown to the New York public. It comprises two fine Meissoniers, one of which, 'The Artist's Studio,' otherwise known as 'The Two Vandervelde's,' figured at the sale of the Richard collection. He takes home, also, some charming Viberts and Detailles, and a celebrated landscape by Diaz, 'La Mare aux Grenouilles,' which is said to be the finest one that was ever painted by that lamented artist, that unrivalled interpreter of the secrets of the sunshine. Moreover, the younger Madrazo is just finishing a picture which is destined for Mr. Schaus's New York establishment. I congratulate our Art-connoisseurs on this opportunity to secure a specimen of the work of this wonderful colourist. M. Madrazo has only recently completed his 'Masked Ball in a Studio,' which is destined for the gallery of Mr. Vanderbilt.

M. Hector Leroux is now engaged on a large and important work, an order from Mr. Astor. M. Leroux has only recently returned to Paris, having spent the past winter and the greater part

of the spring in Italy. M. Jules Lefebvre has also been out of Paris, having been detained in the country by the severe illness of his daughter. His superb 'Diana' goes to London, having been purchased by a wealthy English Art-collector. M. Castiglione is at work on two life-sized and full-length portraits, which will probably figure at the *Salon* of next spring. There is very little doing among our American painters, most of them being out of town. Mr. William Lippincott recently completed a fine portrait of the young son of Mr. Robert R. Hitt, our first Secretary of Lega-

tion. The charming little fellow (he is just three years old) makes a lovely picture, and the likeness is very striking.

As an evidence of how the works of an artist occasionally rise in value after his death, I will cite the price paid for a sketch by Jean Baptiste Millet, which was sold at the *Musard* sale for eighteen hundred dollars. It was purchased of a dealer some years ago for the sum of sixty dollars, and was considered to be well sold at that.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

AN UNFINISHED DISCUSSION ON FINISH.



CHANCE of testing a few ideas by appropriate artistic methods, and one which appears much too promising to be lost," remarked a querist on Art, "presents itself in this talk about our friend's picture, criticised so variously. And may I ask, to begin with, to be instructed by this esteemed company of artists as to the true meaning of finish and its value in Art? For, beyond being in reality the moot point in the present case, it is what one hears most and knows least of in all the category of Art-subjects talked of in these days. The fact of artists being always so far from having one faith as to the relative importance of finish would of itself confuse the mind sufficiently, without noting back of that the conflicting multitude of ideas about its right significance which are continually disclosing themselves in any talk on Art. It seems not now a very insignificant number, nor I believe an altogether unworthy kind of artists, who profess to regard finish as something quite non-essential in Art, if not in the highest artistic appreciation an absolute injury. Occasionally they give us works of a beautiful order, such as men with theories most widely opposed to theirs consent very heartily to admire; with which come undeniably great things as well as great ideas from the artists whose belief as you remember was to some extent signified on the occasion of Burne-Jones's declaring, under grave judicial responsibility, that 'complete finish is the necessary quality of a picture.'"

"Certainly," answered Pamphilus, with all his accustomed freshness, although looking a trifle older since Fortune has lately brought him so considerable an increase of fame and gold; "and nine-tenths of the men who don't finish neglect to do so because they haven't the knowledge."

"If a young artist may hasten to express an opinion, without the better courtesy of waiting for his elders," interposed Megabyzus, "I would say it is also true that nine-tenths of those who finish highly do so because they are mere workmen, and can neither feel nor express ideas. You may see one of the best illustrations of the other case in Millet, who has too many ideas to waste himself as a workman."

"But," added Theon—whose own pictures are highly noted for generalisation and suggestive effects—"the most common admiration is for an eternal clap-trap of little things. Minds, instead of going out after meanings, go out after details. The majority of such pictures are without the quality of inspiring emotion, and you go all over them to find out what is in them. Where there is one with an exalted idea, there are a thousand devoted to things such as women's dresses. It is a matter of fashion, and is not to be prevented. Even a foreign picture of an imaginative character of the grander sort is difficult of sale here. The trumpery trickeries are preferred—pictures which we may call natty—what is stronger and more hidden is not seen. Our people buy a picture which will sell again, and not for what it suggests to the mind. A satire common in Paris a few years ago was that every American leaving that city departed with a Bouguereau under one arm and a Verboeckhoven under the other. But the imitators of Gérôme produce the meanest style of Art, as Gérôme himself does in his humdrum imitations of old pans and armour. 'The Duel after the Masquerade' was an inspiration, and he has never painted anything since to equal it in depth of meaning. The scenic and the imitative have had a fair show with us, and I believe have now. Artists of the imitative

class have most to do; you will find that the greatest successes are in those lower phases of Art where the sense of imitation too largely predominates over the presentation of an idea. But nothing exists in Nature which is ever finished. We may look upon a man complete as a man, yet we all know and he knows he is not finished. When a work of Art is perfectly finished it is perfectly dead."

Pamphilus listened as one from whom might be expected a vehement rejoinder, but, although speaking with intense force at the conclusion of his remarks, began gently enough and answered: "It is not amiss, however, to remember that the finish of good workmanship is to be found generally among the old masters, who were not all without ideas, and whose pictures, painted for centuries, seem to have some vitality in them. Leonardo da Vinci's picture of 'The Last Supper' is almost gone from the wall, yet you can hardly get away from it, and it lives."

"With the utmost veneration for the finish of the old masters, wherever it exists," said Megabyzus, "it may be proper to notice that in some cases it is considerably less than is imagined. For several years, in Venice, I studied Titian's works, and I observed that many of them are not so highly finished as many reproductions represent them to be. This is the case particularly in certain instances of engraving where the pictures themselves are quite the reverse of being finished according to the ordinary understanding of that quality."

"Ask Page, my young friend, about Titian," replied Ephorus, "and he would tell you you have never seen Titian's works—have looked at them, but have not seen them. One sees more than another, and Page can see more than I can in a work of Art. But without question we have in finish what is orthodox in the highest sense."

"And rightly so," Timomachus added; "a finished picture is on a far higher plane than a sketch. It is quite as Meissonier explained not long since to some one admiring a sketch in his studio: 'Oh! that is nothing—a mere sketch,' said he. 'Why do you speak so disparagingly of it?' asked the visitor. 'A sketch,' answered the artist, 'is only the work of an hour—a picture the study of a lifetime. I could teach any ordinary student to make a sketch in six months—only an artist can paint a picture.'"

"Like Fromentin," some one in the group said, "who has bid den students to remember that 'the most beautiful studies in the world are not worth one good picture.'"

"A crude suggestion is certainly of little value compared with finished Art—the best a man can do," observed Cleanthes, in whose pictures his best is never lost by want of finish.

"But young men think they can begin where old men leave off," commented the long-honoured Apollodorus.

"The best a man can do is not that which he elaborates most," Megabyzus rejoined. "Corot's work is the best he could do—far better than any finished painter ever did. It is best because it renders the best—the IDEA. The other is work like that of statisticians—facts and details which render the body of a thing, but do not touch the soul. Corot finished only when he was not developed, and before he had learned that the idea unmitigated is a higher thing than a more mechanically neat expression of a less forcible idea—the idea being necessarily weakened in being worked over and over. This was illustrated by the great exhibition of his works after his death, of all his periods and styles. The same was

true of Troyon: for years he painted every hair, and only after freeing himself from this servile style became known and admired."

"Corot is to be esteemed great not for representing Nature, but for his art," said Micon. "I do not see Nature in his works, but they are wonderful in Art quality."

"And that quality," added Timanthes, "advances in proportion to the decadence of his earlier method of elaboration, as our young friend who is so enthusiastically his admirer has observed. His early pictures, crowded with detail, were not interesting beyond another man's. In his second stage there was less of this, but his later works, painted after his living in Rome, are his best."

"A picture may be as much finished without the painting of a leaf at all as one in which all the markings of the leaf are defined," remarked Ecphantes, who had entered during the colloquy but had not before spoken.

"But is not finished," answered Timomachus, "by throwing paint in masses on canvas in imitation of another's style without a sign of his knowledge. And as was very truly remarked by an intelligent lady visiting the Spencer collection, 'It is the absence of paint which makes a good picture.'"

"Assuredly it is," said Eupompus, who is distinguished by the deep scientific basis which he gives to his painting. "You don't feel daubs of paint in your eyes when you look at Nature."

"Good artists," interrupted the querist, seeing that in this discursive method nothing was being gained towards his object of hearing definite opinions on a single point, "will you let an ignorant person repeat his question, asking you what finish is? Can it be defined? And are there any principles in Art by which to determine, apart from individual appreciation, whether a picture is sufficiently finished, unfinished, or over-finished?"

Theon, who was well known to have decided convictions on that matter, seemed to be expected by the others to answer, and said: "True finish is completeness. When a work of Art is complete in all its relations, in its values throughout, then it is finished. Lacking in these things, however elaborate it may be, it is not complete. The elaborate pictures of Gérôme lose the power of vivid impression from excessive detail. When we look at a number of men, under any great state of excitement particularly, so that the mind is interested in what they are about, we don't stop to look at their finger-nails or whiskers, or any detail of their personalities. If we stopped to examine such details we should never know what was going on; yet we get a general impression of their form and character. The idea generally had of finish with those not educated in Art is detail—which is not finish, and is frequently entirely irrelative to what should be the great intent of the artist's mind. The more we can generalise great masses of detail, and suggest them by a perfect artistic order, the greater, according to my idea, is the picture as a work of Art."

"At least," objected Melanthius, "excitement is never produced by any slurring of parts, or leaving parts unfinished, but by lines cutting each other in every direction, making a noise, as it were—*éclatant*. The effect of excitement is thus produced in Titian's picture of 'The Ascension,' in which the drawing is perfect. Draw the lines alone, and you are astonished at the way in which they are arranged, the utmost intense feeling being expressed in this arrangement simply. Take, then, 'The Entombment,' and here is death, the solemnest death, but the details are no more perfect, while colour and all in the latter picture present a minor key of harmony."

"In my opinion," said Telephanes, "a very necessary discrimination, which no one so far has mentioned, is to be made, and it depends on the nature of the action whether minute representation of detail would weaken its effect. In Meissonier's picture of 'Chess-Players' it is proper to finish as he has done, and to represent the chess-men and all the accessories. But in his 'Charge of the Cuirassiers' the representation of the little eagles on the buttons, and small trappings of cartridge-boxes and the like, is false. The men are stopped in mid-air for an examination of their buttons, and the action is lost. We judge an artist by what he undertakes to do, and the title of 'The Charge of the Cuirassiers' indicates that vigorous action is to be expressed."

"Without any doubt," assented Micon; "much should depend on the subject to determine the amount of detail necessary. Take Gérôme's 'Gladiators,' for example: the classic-historic demands more adherence to ideas of detail than any other. It is not enough

that a gladiator should have on his head what will be recognised as a helmet, but it must be of the precise period signified; not only that, the material must be unmistakable. So of the antique sword, which must correspond to the definite literary knowledge the world possesses of such an object."

"And it is a mistake," said Melanthius, "to suppose that excessive detail in Gérôme's pictures diminishes their expression. There is never a detail in his works but is subordinate to the whole impression to be conveyed."

"Resuming the idea of classification," Micon continued, "there are many pastoral and *genre* subjects, on the other hand, in which finish does not add to them at all. Here, as soon as the main characteristics are caught hold of, all is accomplished that is desirable. So we may say that finish—which, as a term in Art, is only to be understood as relative—varies in every work, and even in those by the same individual. If you take examples by different men, they illustrate the relative amount of finish called for in each case. In Salvator Rosa's woodland and mountain scenes, the degree of finish made use of by such men as Hobbema and Gerard Douw would be utterly destructive of the whole impression and effect he intended to convey in his pictures. Objects are frequently omitted by artists solely for fear of the destruction of something of the ideal, and where they could add nothing to the story told in the picture. All detail which adds nothing to the meaning must of necessity be superfluous, for which reason men seldom attempt to render all their knowledge of any given place or object of Nature. Work, again, is frequently left incomplete to such an extent as the painter's ideas are vague or indefinite, and, as already said, through caution against the making of a greater sacrifice."

"It can be said with reason," added Melanthius, "that there is absolutely no such thing in a picture as finish, and that the right completion of a picture depends, as you have illustrated, on the aim of the artist. That may be a mere little effect, and his picture is finished when he gets that effect. Another with a different and more comprehensive aim seeks to embody many ideas of form, light, and colour, with various subtleties. Finish has nothing to do with smoothness of surface. Having a purpose in mind, the accomplishment of the purpose gives the finish. Titian probably never thought of the surface while embodying all the ideas of beauty of form, lines, colour, light, and shade, as no other ever did. Take the picture of 'St. Peter and the Virgin,' for instance, which combines great beauty of lines, a fair balance of all the parts, a concentration of light just where it is needed for the highest effect, and wonderful beauty of colour. If any roughness of surface had interfered with these objects, it would quickly have been disposed of. But no other thought than this would have been given to the subject. The question arises whether any consideration should be given to surface. There certainly should be. In a picture designed to be seen at a distance, as for instance in church decoration, a greater coarseness would be necessary than for a cabinet, where an equal roughness would be but affectation. In either case the smoothness or the roughness of the surface would not add to or detract from the merit of the picture, unless interfering with the expression of its other qualities."

"And to my mind, in portraiture the finish is the character of the man," said Agatharcus, a young painter of unquestioned talent, and a warm admirer of Velasquez. "Painters sometimes resort to high finish to take the place of the character they cannot express. In pictures by Franz Hals, pictures made with big brushes and not finished according to the idea of some, one feels the impression of a man in the room. But a disadvantage frequently to the young artist is that sitters want the thing done nicely. It is different in the case of a model, for then the artist paints according to his idea."

To this Theon added: "The tendency of our people is to demand in landscape a detail of facts which is incompatible with artistic unity, and the possibility of rendering the grander effects of Nature. And there is very little appreciation of a subjugation of details to a greater truth of Nature, which is a greater truth of Art. It is the same in figures; but the larger expression is gone when imitation is sufficiently perfect to appeal to vulgar taste. Such a method of painting results from our thinking we see what we do not see. We reflect very little on a cause of emotion. Seeing an object in the distance, one sees the details only from memory; he thinks he sees them all, but he does not. If one

paints in this way he paints from his head and not from his heart. But the true use of a work of Art is to excite feeling and emotion, and then thought, and not to gratify curiosity. Art in the past few years has largely followed the scientific tendency of the age; but the moment you analyse too far it is all nonsense, as with those scientists who find at the end of a certain line of reasoning that there is no motion, that everything stands still. Getting too far away from emotion into intellectuality is a degradation to Art. It is the inner inspired mind from which proceeds the more determinative mind of speculation. The mind's own evolution is what gives birth to the idea of evolution."

"An impression of Nature," replied Eupompus, "is not enough to constitute Art. If we wish to project shadows, it must be in accordance with geometrical laws, and it is nonsense to talk of a man's having too much science; we might as well say he has too much eyesight as he walks along the street."

"A man may have too much of anything," quickly rejoined Theon.

"Or is the case," asked the querist, "unfortunately not as likely to be that of too scanty endowment in all qualities except the over-balancing one?—if a simple partaker in your feast of reason may permit himself to introduce that trifle of difference in statement."

"No, no, he may have too much of anything," Theon replied; "and he will work first in this direction and then in that, now too much one way and now too much another, and only the Divine Power can set him right," he added with intensity, and writhing in his momentary seat on the arm of a chair.

"And it is enough for one's praise to succeed in any manner or in any particular," said Eupompus. "Taking only colour, leaving out all the rest, as line, *chiaro-oscuro*, &c., the artist is to deal with three distinct phases, considering colour as local, transient, and in combination. No one ever succeeded to perfection in either of these phases; but if some success is attained in either, the artist should have credit, and, if in more than one, so much the more—the matter altogether being infinite. We have to remember that a picture is made up of Art and Nature. This remark, by-the-way, I made not long since to a critic, and he came back a few days later to say that according to my idea I must rank the artist higher than God."

"A serious little difficulty in an active mind, all for want of not perceiving an undistributed middle term with no different thing implied," interposed the querist. "In sober truth, such men care more for the distribution of censure than that of middle terms of their own—being too lightly indebted to Aristotle for any *dictum de omni et nullo*, or other part of a logical system. But let not one who is no artist stir you up to any sudden flood of mutiny."

"At least," quietly remarked Timomachus, moving about in mediæval cap of the Low Countries, and fawn-skin slippers, "some breadth of appreciation is necessary in order to feel that all kinds and degrees of excellence, and all manners of painting, are to be admired when they have meaning. This recent slap-dashing style is a protest simply against prettiness, a reaction from that—the finish that was degraded into little nicety of style—and coming in much the same way as pre-Raphaelitism rose against the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds and his school—that is, as a kind of protest. A picture cannot live for a great length of time unless it has good qualities in it, and the public is right in judgment—better than the artist as a critic. Artists all have a hobby, and anything differing from what they are strictly for, shocks them. A man comes back from Munich with work as rough as a hatchet, and another calls it rubbish; and one who likes this work calls the elaborate work of the other rubbish. They are very severe and narrow. One paints in realistic style—seeing things so; another has a dreamy and poetic manner—and both are of value."

"Nature," said the young Agatharcus, "we all find to be infinite, and we cannot take everything, but must simplify things. We do the same in our lives, as we learn that we cannot pay attention to trifles which only wear upon us. The philosopher will drop everything else for the main idea, eating a crust and letting rags accumulate about him. Artists may be compared to writers: one writes scientific articles which one in a thousand will be interested in, and another is a story-teller. So one artist cares for the impression, another for finish. To say that one is no artist or the other none, is folly. If what the man is after is there, the work has value—but the discussion of values leads on to eternity. Strauss tells a story—the people enjoy it. Beethoven, with the

grand symphony, is for the few. Titian and Dürer are as opposite—one with the utmost of simplicity, the other elaborating; yet each working so successfully in his own manner, one worships both."

"Only the few go to very striking extremes, as respects their own manner," remarked Cleanthes, to whom all listened, whenever he spoke, with great attention. "Millais in 1850, when I was in Europe, was full-fledged as one of the pre-Raphaelites—even ridiculous in the extent to which he carried detail; now he is one of the broadest of the English school. One of this artist's pictures of Mary and Christ in the carpenter's shop, which represented the child as having cut his finger with a tool, was very powerful in its figures. But the most perfect thing of all was the shavings—which was ridiculous in such a picture. The artist must have learned enough about shavings at that time to last him all his life. After that he could paint with a big brush when painting shavings."

"In the manner of that most lucid picture by Rembrandt in the National Gallery," suggested Eupompus, "in which the hair, a mass of grey, is made by pushing a brush up the canvas."

"Precisely," Cleanthes answered, "when full of knowledge you can tell me in a single brush what is at your fingers' ends. But to be broad at the beginning is assuredly emptiness; when consummate in knowledge it will do to be broad. Velasquez may give us in a few strokes an impression stronger than Gerard Douw could produce by an elaboration costing weeks of effort. But I think one may say that that fruition is the happiest which began with close, hard study."

"Detail is without doubt a good and perhaps necessary discipline for young artists," said Aëtion. "It is proper to go from the minute to what is larger and more general. Some never do this nor ever can."

To this a young artist, who now spoke for the first time, replied: "As truly could we say that some great artists never arrive at detail. Daubigny told me he never had reached foregrounds; that he thought he could best study middle distances and backgrounds. I think I told you of his quiet way of snubbing me for attempting a difficult subject by saying that he would not have dared undertake it. That was one day when, at Auvers, I went sketching on the Oise in his boat; we stopped at a place where he had already begun a large study of a distant island, the river, and hills. In order to have a souvenir of the day, I sat so that I could make a study of the master at his work. For this purpose I placed myself so that I had to look towards the sun, which was hidden by trees and bushes, though they were not thick enough to prevent stray rays peeping through, making bright holes in the dense green. On looking at the sketch Monsieur Daubigny remarked: 'Pas mal, mais moi, je n'aurais pas osé cela; ça papillote trop.'

Aëtion now resumed: "The obliteration of details is for the sake of a higher object. We give up a lesser for a greater idea in doing this. Teniers and the other early Dutch painters who excelled in painting interiors—who were the painters of things—ranked lower than the masters who have expressed great ideas. It is the same with the poem. We do not rank a writer who merely describes scenes as high as one who represents sentiments. One who paints a quality of air is greater than one who imitates a tree. We care for Claude's pictures because he gave us sunshine; we never hear of their being fine because he put so many things, so many touches, in them. Elaborate detail is inconsistent with fine quality of colour; but it is necessary to preserve some truth to the forms of Nature, and slovenliness is not to be advocated. In Couture's talks I noticed something relative to this matter; you can reach the book on that table, and, if you read French, can readily select the point."

"Well," said the querist, to whom a student sitting by had passed the book, "in the vivid light diffused everywhere by day, he distinguishes the innumerable details of Nature until the multiplicity of form and colour, fluttering before his view, becomes a fatigue to his spirit and to his sight. Towards evening the beautiful masses of shadow are apparent, the insipid details disappear, and he questions why he should not do the same for that which he copies. He thinks he should withhold the accidents comprehended in the principal divisions for greatness in his design, and should thus proceed in relation to his contours. 'In place,' he says, 'of permitting myself to be governed by the little sinuosities of the form, I should regard my model as a whole, and I should continu-

ally sacrifice those sinuosities for the affirmation of simple lines; the same, further, as to his colorations, from his having observed that 'detail is a loss to the mass.' Having taken great care to establish his colour in its locality, the detail, he considers, would come in order without injury, or, 'if it did not come, the coloration would only be the more beautiful.' In the masses of light and shade he might add detail without harm, but, if ignoring them, his execution would have more character. In summing up, he affirms that 'the beauty of contours, the beauty of masses, like the beauty of colorations, requires the continual sacrifice of details for the triumph of what is greater;' and that 'simplicity, recommended by a traditional fashion, constitutes what we call *character*, which results from what is simple, as beauty results from variety.'

"Real breadth is, without doubt, the subordination of all detail to the central idea, but there may be absence of detail and no breadth at all," commented Timomachus.

The querist here mentioned something which the President of the Academy had recently said to him, and repeated the remarks: "Breadth is always preserved in Nature—no matter how much of cutting up and speckling—there is always breadth of light and shade." I remember his having spoken of the immense deal of detail in the shadows of Rembrandt, whose work shows great breadth, and in addition considered the difference between essential and non-essential detail. The due subordination of essential minutiae, without any ignoring in that direction, he thought very largely illustrated by Titian, Rembrandt, and Giorgione."

"Yet, Titian painted in broad masses," answered Clethes, "When he painted some object minutely it was for the purpose of giving greater, broader quality to the masses."

"The great thing on which breadth depends is true gradation," said Eupompos. "And wherever Titian's works are to be seen they justify Haydon's criticism: 'But to Titian, and to him alone, you must turn for the perfection of execution; stopping at the exact point, and conveying the impression of the object so predominantly that the execution is lost in the effect.' A sense of excessive finish is always prevented by perfectness of gradation."

"Nor is it necessary for things to be wiped out altogether," added Timomachus. "All may be expressed, but in due subordination to the central idea. Here is something by a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, beautifully said: 'Our eyes are instinctively artists. They choose in Nature, efface, put away from the point which attracts them, so that all the rest is only an accompaniment, like a murmur.' But the murmur is there—only subordinate to the principal idea. 'It is this charm that we demand of the artist when we look at any picture whatever. It is, in a word, a work of Art that we expect, and not a *chef-d'œuvre* of patience and industry.'"

"Artists generally prefer a style by which many modern painters attain good results with less labour than was common with Denner, Gerard Douw, and others who painted with great manipulation," said *Ætion*. "For it shows a superior faculty to be able to do a thing quickly and equally well where another does it slowly. One man in representing hay will attempt to show the spears; some demand this, and would wish to put on their glasses and count the spears."

"And there were artists a few years ago," Echphantes answered, "who undertook to express every leaf in detail in foregrounds, forgetting that it is impossible to do this, and that the idea must be signified by a certain handling, which may be called a trick. But there is danger to young artists in copying the suggestive style. A great artist painting broadly will put every touch in the right place, so that you feel the perfect anatomy in all the parts; many imitators of this manner go all wrong, painting in this way to hide their ignorance; but the style is valuable when by a master. If it is the only right style, the great masters of centuries past have been wrong. The Dutch school, Teniers, and the rest, are entirely different from the Italian, all being great, but having different conceptions."

"No schools of the present are wider apart in general than were those; but modern artists show us the greatest extremes in execution," remarked a committee-man from one of the clubs, who had come to see an artist in regard to the loan of a picture for a club exhibition. "What to one is devoid of finish another regards as finished in the highest sense."

Ætion, conceiving that time would not allow of prolonging the talk much further on that occasion, began to suggest its conclusion by this remark: "Respecting finish in works of Art, I think there should be no question that anything which gives the impression of completeness is finished. Some arrive at this in a broader way than others, and show in masses what the latter would only express by immense labour and an infinitude of touches. In the one manner Velasquez is a great example; the other is well illustrated in Denner's works. The best finish is that of which you have the least consciousness of work, of course. The best work of Art gives the best impression of completeness without a sense of labour in accomplishing it. I should say, finally, that that is the best finish which gives the best and fullest sense of form, colour, purpose, and objects, by the least apparent labour and the simplest means."

"The great difficulty in Art is loss and gain," continued Clethes, with grave warmth. "A sketch is a thought presented at once, in one work, either from Nature or in the studio. There is no use in finishing unless there is to be gained clearness in statement, which is strength. It depends on an artist's knowledge of Nature and capacity in Art whether he would make the statement more clear and strong by finish, or would lose by it. First is the spirited laying out of the idea; after that comes the consideration, deliberation—cold blood. The lovers of suggestiveness are not satisfied with unfinished work—as, for instance, a person of my acquaintance who got fifteen Corots, and became very tired of them. One suggestive picture in a dozen is enough. They are delicious in combination with Art of a higher range—severely studied and matured. There is great difference to be taken account of in this work between the man with the knowledge of the artist and the amateur. The suggestive picture of the disciplined artist has in it all the knowledge of a lifetime, and the slightest work of the really great man must always have value."

"Besides the many instructive things heard in this talk about differences of demand for detail in different classes of subjects, and in different purposes of representation," said the querist, "has been much in addition that is equally of interest about the right subordination in any work of Art of the less to the greater idea, and that sacrifice for the sake of breadth which results in the obliteration of many details of objects, and frequent effacements of objects themselves. But it is remarked in connection that in Nature breadth is never missed, whatever the amount of detail presented. An artist who puts two things in a picture, giving one its just predominance over the other, is a better artist, as we all ought to understand, whether we do or not, than one who should make the relation of these same two objects a false one, although introducing a third. Yet, I would ask if it is possibly true that somewhat according to the measure of an artist's power is he able to render things as they are, or as they are seen, in Nature without exclusion, yet with such perfectness of relation that objects shall be simply there, and not obtruded to the loss of anything belonging to his greater purpose? In what is spoken of as the central idea, the artist interprets his chosen great quality in Nature, but hardly goes therein beyond the mystical or radiant beauty of what he has seen, although he extinguishes or pales all the rest in order to present that imitation with more vivid force. But in Nature we discover no omissions where we are to be impressed by some subtle, predominating quality, as of air or sunshine. We feel that impression equally amid a tender wilderness of things, stirred by the innumerable palpitating energies belonging to the manifold schemes of life—the earth full flowered, the dip of wings above the tree-tops, infinite crowds of waving shadows, lights beyond lights, charm folded over charm. Where one thing or another must be dropped, we should be able to appreciate the wisdom of an artist in retaining what is most of value, and not being as a man walking forth from his burning house with a smoothing-iron, and leaving all his plate and jewels behind him. But are we frequently naming that strength which is human limitation after all? A work of Art requires, as we have heard, the sacrifice of many objects. Can one artist evenly maintain more than another if endowed with greater comprehensive power and finer inspired sense of intricate harmonies of relation?"

"It is no doubt right;" answered *Ætion*, "that an artist is greater who can render details so that you can discover them on close inspection, on looking for them, or as you would in Nature. How far any artist can do that he must determine for himself."

NOTES.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.—Mr. John Addington Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy" consists of three volumes, entitled respectively "The Age of the Despots," "The Revival of Learning," and "The Fine Arts," with a fourth projected under the title of "Italian Literature." The volume entitled "The Fine Arts" has been republished here, and the hope is held out that it will be followed by the remainder of the series, which deal collectively, it will be seen, with the politics, the scholarship, the Art, and the literature, of the period. Taken together, they form a connected study of Italian culture at a certain epoch; yet admit of separate perusal. The volume first offered to the American public especially concerns the readers of the *Art Journal*, and all interested in the study of the history of Art. Nothing more valuable and nothing more interesting and suggestive in the domain of Art literature has been offered to the public. The first chapter discusses the relation of Art to the character and culture of the Italian people, the reason why painting, instead of sculpture, became the supreme art of the Renaissance period, the differences between modern and ancient Art, the relation of the Fine Arts to Christianity, the essential antagonisms between piety and Art, the compromises effected by the Church, and the humanisation of ecclesiastical ideas by Art. Following this are a chapter on Architecture, and four chapters on Painting; a chapter each on Angelo and Cellini, as typical figures of the Italian Renaissance, and a final chapter tracing the decline of the art of painting through the sixteenth century. The style is admirable, being perfectly transparent and simple, and yet possessing richness of colour and fulness of expression. The book teems with matter—copious, affluent, suggestive, filled with ripe criticisms, large learning, suggestive comment, and marked by catholic appreciation and penetrating insight. The publishers of the American edition are Messrs. Henry Holt and Co., of this city.

BEAUTY IN MANUFACTURE.—Mr. Gladstone has been giving the people of Chester, England, his ideas—or some of them—on the subject of beauty in manufactured goods. "I apprehend," he said, "that you will agree with me that, in all the visible and material objects that are produced to meet the wants and tastes of man, there are two things to be looked at. One is utility; the other beauty." This assertion seems to have met with the assent that it deserved, for cries of "Hear! hear!" were heard through the hall. "Beauty," he continued, "is of various sorts—beauty of form, beauty of colour, beauty of proportion. It was of great advantage to a people to be educated in beauty. England was passing through very serious financial and economic straits, and she should husband and enlarge all her resources. There was room for improvement in her industrial Art. I am going to give an opinion which has long since formed in my mind, namely, that an Englishman is a marvellous man as regards business production when he is put under pressure; but that if he is not put under pressure he is apt to grow lax and careless, and is satisfied if he can produce things that sell." This description is applicable to others besides Englishmen. But Mr. Gladstone proceeded to impress upon his hearers the duty of promoting a love of excellence for its own sake. To try to do so was not visionary at all; for every real excellence, whether of utility or beauty, "has its price or value in the market, and it is an element of strength in the market," which is true to a certain extent, and when fashion does not interfere to create a demand for goods that are neither useful nor beautiful. America was seized with "the fever" called protection; but when she learned to trust entirely to her own marvellous national resources and to the great genius of her people, with their labour-saving contrivances, she would become a formidable competitor of England. Until that time, however, England need not fear America. English industry had all along been defective with reference to the important matter of beauty, and with reference to the quality called taste. "Taste is nothing in the world except the faculty which devises according to lines of beauty, executes according to lines of beauty, judges according to lines of beauty"—a simple definition which has the defect of ignoring the important matter of colour. The advantages to France of the taste possessed by Frenchmen were next urged upon the audience. "It is well known that at this moment France is, as she has been for some time, the second country in the world in exports," and her position in this respect is owing to her taste. But in England there is a want of taste, and in consequence English commerce suffers. England had good poets—was, in fact, in the front rank of production, so far as poetry goes. "At any rate, there is no doubt that the English poetry of this nineteenth century has been ahead of the world in this nineteenth century." As for painting, sculpture, and architecture, England certainly was not deficient in the sense of beauty. "What there is, and what

there has been, seems to be some deficiency in the quality or habit which connects the sense of beauty with the production of works of utility." This deficiency was to be deplored. An artisan should be made to understand that if he can learn to appreciate beauty in industrial production, he will thereby do good to himself, first, in the improvement of his mind and the pleasure he derives from his work, and next in increasing his own capital, which is his labour. Mr. Gladstone's address was repeatedly cheered. It deserves to be printed in full in some permanent shape.

THE PICTURE-DEALERS OF NEW YORK.—The regular autumn picture-season, just opened, has at least one notable and satisfactory feature, namely, that the new works bought last summer in Europe for sale in this country are of a much higher order of merit than heretofore been the case. Of course, what are called "popular" pictures are not wanting. Meyer von Bremen, Merle, Escosura, Carl Hubner, and other old stand-bys, are still on hand, if not at the front. But the call for artists of purer artistic purpose is loud and clear, where a few years ago their very names were unknown. In view of this fact, the dealers have replenished their stock with what may be denominated on the whole the best collection of foreign oil-paintings ever brought to this country for sale. The Goupil Gallery, for example, has a superb specimen of Corot—a scene where dancing Nymphs are making melodious the landscape at early morning—which is about six feet long by four feet high, and deserves to rank with the most important Corots ever seen in America. A Troyon of unusual size represents some Brittany peasants returning from market; while Carrolus Duran, whose triumphs most often are in the realm of portraiture, appears with a new reading of an old fable—"The Temptation of St. Anthony." Munkacsy, whose 'Blind Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughters' was engraved by Mr. Linton for a recent number of the *Art Journal*, will be represented at the Goupil Gallery by an interior, in which is a lady seated at a piano. Other principal painters are Knaus, Millet, Jules Dupré, Chelmonsky, Jacque, Vibert, Detaille, De Neuville, and Schreyer. At the Schaus Gallery extensive preparations have been made. Indeed, so many and rich are the specimens just brought from Paris, that Mr. Schaus has contemplated the expediency of hiring a public hall in which to exhibit them. First and foremost is 'Les Deux Vandervelde,' by Meissonier, which once formed part of the Laurent-Richard collection, and which, undoubtedly, is an extremely valuable work, as well as a more than characteristically artistic one. The subject is interesting. In the studio of one of the two Vanderveldes—they were both artists—the other one is looking, with the face of a connoisseur, at a painting just finished by his brother, who stands near by, palette and brushes in hand, pleased at what are evidently some favourable comments from the lips of the fraternal critic. Rosa Bonheur, who is rarely seen in this country, and whose pictures are always very hard to get, is represented by a painting of two deer, animals that of late have received her attention and affection, perhaps to the exclusion of oxen. The clever Frenchwoman is not likely to lose her hold on the pocket-books of Anglo-Saxon buyers. Nor does she deserve such a fate. Never the greatest among artists, she has long been great. Certainly no woman ever lived who has painted so admirably as Rosa Bonheur. Other pictures are by Jules Breton, Corot, Diaz, and Fromentin. The Kohn Gallery presents the names of Gérôme, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Schreyer, Jacquet, Gabriel Max, and Haggborg, together with examples of Meissonier, Daubigny, and Jacque. The Gabriel Max, an impersonation of Nydia from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," shows us the blind girl descending some marble steps, and clasping tenderly in both hands a round basket full of flowers of variegated hues. The artist has reproduced with fine effect the impression of blindness, and has displayed his usual agility in the harmonisation of tones.

M. CHARLES CLEMENT, the French Art-critic, reviews in the Paris *Journal des Débats* a recent interesting work by M. Alfred Armand, entitled "The Italian Medallists of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries: an Attempt at a Chronological Classification of these Artists, and a Catalogue of their Works." "The treatise is distinguished," says M. Clément, "not only by its classification, but also by the scrupulous care with which the legends are transcribed, by the exactness of the historical and biographical notices, by the precision of the dates and the measurements, and by the admirable illustrations. The artists who produced these medals were painters, sculptors, architects, goldsmiths, who regarded them as works of little importance, yet who signed their names or initials to most of them."

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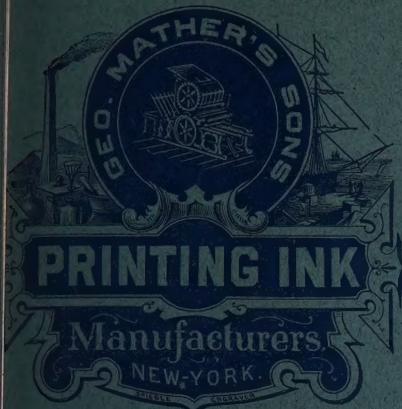
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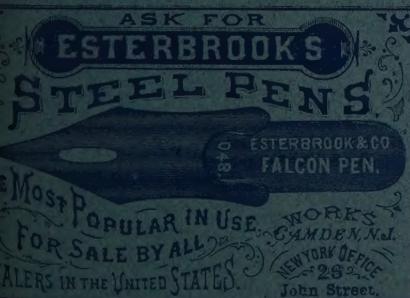
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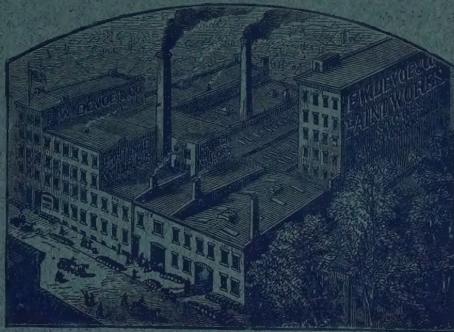
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